

**ATOLIA: The Home of the Turk (Illustrated).** By Douglas Carruthers.  
**BBIT CRAFT (Illustrated).** By Maud D. Haviland.

# COUNTRY LIFE

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THE DUCHESS OF ANCASTER.

*From the Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds at Houghton.*



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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: The Duchess of Ancaster .. .. .	85, 86
What is a Capitalist? (Leader) .. .. .	86
Country Notes .. .. .	87
Memories, by Anne F. Brown .. .. .	87
Escape in a Tree, by Anna de Bary .. .. .	88
Rabbit Craft, by Maud D. Haviland. (Illustrated) .. .. .	89
The Brain Shot at Elephant, by W. D. M. Bell. (Illustrated) .. .. .	91
English Armorial Carpets, by W. G. Thomson. (Illustrated) .. .. .	94
Anatolia: The Home of the Turk, by Douglas Carruthers. (Illustrated) .. .. .	95
The Prime Minister's Housewarming. (Illustrated) .. .. .	97
Country Home: Houghton Hall.—IV, by H. Arvay Tipping. (Illustrated) .. .. .	98
An Interesting Experiment in Poultry Keeping .. .. .	107
The Muse in Homespun .. .. .	108
Correspondence .. .. .	109
The Bramham Hunt (J. D. Jefferson); Sir Philip Sassoon's Housing Scheme (Arthur C. Martin); The Crib at Farm Street (Percy Macquoid); Tractors and Wireworms (E. H. Arnott); Some Belgian Farms (C. A. Komarowsky); An Unconscious Thief (G. Welburn); Plants for Paved Walks (British Showeller Ducks in Holland and Denmark (H. W. Robinson); Gulls and Hard Weather (C. M. Ballard); New Zealand Fishermen (John Holdsworth); A Tragedy of Greed; Peculiarities of Mistletoe.	
The Estate Market .. .. .	111
The Foaling Season of 1920. .. .. .	112
A Great Boxing Match .. .. .	113
The Stunts of a Golf Instructor, by Bernard Darwin .. .. .	114
The Art of Gun Engraving. Miniatures on Steel, by Max Baker. (Illustrated) .. .. .	114
The Automobile World. (Illustrated) .. .. .	lii.
Some Notes on Farm Machinery .. .. .	lx.
Insurance Against Riots .. .. .	lxii.
The First Rugby International, by Leonard R. Tossell .. .. .	lxii.
Matters of Interest for Collectors, by William Bunting. (Illustrated) .. .. .	lxiv.
Items of Interest. (Illustrated) .. .. .	lxvi.

## WHAT IS A CAPITALIST?

FEW points are more worthy of discussion than that which, under the above heading, is the subject of much correspondence in the *Times*. "Capitalist" has become, in the mouth of the extreme members of the Labour Party, an obprobrium; indeed, that was the cause of the first letter being written by Sir Robert H. Perks. He related that a foreman on some works came to him much worried because his fellow-workmen called him "a damned capitalist." Apparently this was because he had saved a little money. Mr. Hyndman, we are sorry to say, gives a definition that seems calculated to foment the quarrel between master and man. He said "a capitalist, economically speaking, is a person who, directly or indirectly, employs workers and pays them wages in order to make profit out of their labour." If, instead of consulting books on political economy, the controversialists would turn up a political neutral like Murray's Dictionary, he would find the matter stated without bias one way or another. The dictionary gives an admirable definition of capital as "wealth in any form used to help in producing more wealth," and, as an alternative, "the accumulated wealth of an individual, company or community, used as a fund for carrying on fresh production." It is equally successful in defining the capitalist: "one who has accumulated capital; one who has capital available for employment in financial or industrial enterprises."

This may all seem very elementary, but it is most essential that the worker should clear his ideas in regard to capital and labour. Let him take any operation with which he is familiar, such as the building of a house. An analysis of the ordinary way, or rather one of the ordinary ways of getting a house built, will show exactly what is the relationship between capitalist and labourer.

The former has accumulated wealth. Suppose that he has saved it out of his legitimate wages, and wishes to build a house for his own comfort. The purpose matters little, because if he were building a row of houses in order to let them and increase his capital, the same principles would be at work. First of all he has to lay out part of his savings in acquiring control of the ground, either by freehold or by obtaining it on some kind of lease. Then he goes to an architect, to whom he explains the sort of house he is going to put up, and, having disclosed his ideas, waits for the expert to furnish him with a plan and an estimate of the cost. Assuming these to be satisfactory, the architect in his turn gets into communication with a builder or with several builders in order to select one who will, with economy and efficiency, carry out his plan. The builder, in his turn, selects by a similar method a number of sub-contractors, who undertake the joinery, plumbing, decorating and the other arts which go to the completion of a domicile. Each contractor or sub-contractor then engages his men at a wage which is, practically speaking, in every case, that fixed by a Trade Union. Hitherto the work has been done on paper or by conversation. Now it assumes practical form. It will be noticed that there is not only one capitalist, but a system of capitalists, because each contractor is responsible for the men he engages, and begins by paying them out of his own pocket. An ordinary understanding between the architect and the owner is that so much of the money shall be advanced at different periods of the construction, so much when the foundations are laid, so much when the walls are completed, so much when the roof is on, and so on; these stages having been agreed upon and incorporated in the original contract. If the capitalist is inspired only by a desire to erect a comfortable dwelling for his own habitation, Mr. Hyndman's definition fails at once. It cannot, by any stretch of reason, be said that he is using his capital to make money out of labour. If, on the other hand, the building is done for legitimate profit, the capitalist must have used his brains in some way beforehand in order to make sure that not only are houses needed in the selected district, but that the houses he is building answer to that need. He also takes the risk of having followed his own judgment. The kind of house that he puts up may not be in demand at all, and his capital be spent in vain. That he wishes to increase his capital must, of course, be granted. It is for the good of the community that as many of its members as possible should not only have that wish, but that the wish should be fulfilled. The houses are, in themselves, an addition not only to the wealth of one individual, but to the wealth of the nation—as both the owners and tenants will quickly discover when the tax collector and the rate collector come round to collect their dues. The State has gained by the enhanced value of the land on which the houses stand. We would very much like to know how any member of the Labour or Socialist Party is going to controvert this simple statement in regard to a use of capital which is being made day and daily. If they would try to do so with a fair and candid mind, it would probably result in their recognition that they have poured out much undeserved abuse upon the capitalist.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a reproduction of Sir Joshua Reynolds' full-length portrait of the Duchess of Ancaster, hanging in the Marble Parlour at Houghton, the subject of our Country Homes article.

She was Mary, daughter of Thomas Panton, Esq., Keeper of the King's Race Horses at Newmarket. Though he was a member of a good family and his office one of consideration, Horace Walpole spitefully calls him a "Horse Jockey." His daughter Mary was one of the beauties of the day, married Peregrine Bertie, third Duke of Ancaster, in 1750, and became a leader of fashion. She was sent with the Duchess of Hamilton and Lord Harcourt to Mecklenburgh to conduct the Princess Charlotte, afterwards George III's Queen, to England, and was appointed her Mistress of the Robes in 1761. Her daughter married the Earl of Cholmondeley, who inherited Houghton in 1797.





## COUNTRY NOTES

**M**R. NIGEL BOSWORTH-SMITH has probably found words for the thoughts of many people in his letter to the *Times* about unemployment in Dorset. He says the district roads are in a worse condition than they have been for the last fifty years, and yet nothing has been done to put the unemployed to work on them. From five hundred to a thousand necessitous and willing workers could find plenty to do in that direction. There are several other ways in which those out of work might be absorbed. A reservoir needs to be dug out in Dorsetshire, and there is rough unreclaimed land in the neighbourhood of Fordington which might be reclaimed and put to a useful purpose. At Lodmoor, close to Weymouth, there is an unreclaimed swamp which at present breeds myriads of mosquitoes and has been the cause of much sickness and bad cases of septic poisoning. He suggests that this land might be transformed from a public nuisance to a useful and remunerative purpose. Part of it might be made into an ornamental public garden with a lake, boating and bathing. To turn ugliness into beauty is surely worth doing in the case of a watering-place. Mr. Bosworth-Smith speaks with much experience of India, where fighting famine has been turned into a fine art.

**M**R. BOSWORTH-SMITH does not sufficiently emphasise reclamation, although he alludes to it. In Dorset, before the war, Sir Daniel Hall paved the way for the working out of several schemes of land reclamation. There is work in abundance for men at this, and they are not merely putting time in to warrant their claim to a dole, but adding considerably to the real wealth of the country by enlarging its capacity for growing foodstuffs. Many of the difficulties that affect other means of employing the unemployed do not apply. The life on a reclamation is the healthiest in existence. There are in the country thousands of huts and sheds and other absolutely necessary buildings; the work is in the open air and of a kind greatly to interest the men, especially if it were accompanied by a really advantageous plan for allowing them to acquire part of the land they reclaim—a small holding that would be their own. If we were to follow the example of Denmark, Belgium and Holland, it would, in the end, prove more fertile than the usual two or three neglected acres which form a small holding in this country. What Dorset can do other counties can do as well, and it is beyond comprehension that more resort should not be made to this easy and important means of finding work.

**T**HE agitation against such abnormal increases of local taxation as have taken place is increasing day by day. In the great centres of industry these rates are, in many instances more than double what they were before the war. In Coventry the comparison is between 7s. 11d. and 19s.; in Lincoln between 6s. 10s. and 15s. 2d.; in Manchester 7s. 9d. against 16s.; in Doncaster 5s. 2d. against 11s. 8d. In Wales the increase has been still more pronounced. In Merthyr the rates have gone up from 10s. 4½d. to 26s. 5d.;

in Llanelly from 10s. 3d. to 25s. 5d.; in Ebbw Vale from 12s. 8d. to 26s. 9½d. These are only a few examples to illustrate a very widespread movement. In addition to the National Debt we are piling up local debts to an extent that cannot be exactly stated at the present moment, but must be enormous. In other words, a terrible handicap is placed on rural development just at the moment when burdens should be lightened as much as possible. A great many of these increases come from places in which Labour is in the ascendant; in other words, the money is voted to a large extent by those who pay only a minute fraction of the rates.

**L**ORD BLYTH has ever been a keen supporter of cheap and quick means of communication. His letter on the great disadvantage of excessive telephone, telegraph and postal rates is one of the weightiest contributions to the controversy of the hour. He points out that information withheld owing to the cost of communicating may mean a permanent loss of business impossible to calculate. Even were it at a sacrifice, great Britain would follow a sound policy to-day by cheapening these costs and even extending the advantage to countries not favoured at the present moment. There is nothing more likely to stimulate production. In particular, Lord Blyth advocates an arrangement with France as friendly as that with America. It would have the effect of stimulating the market on this side for French goods and in France of providing for the needs of the French buyer. Lord Blyth does not take too sanguine a view when he says it would have an appreciable effect in reducing unemployment. He points out that under wise guidance there might at the present time occur an almost unlimited extension of our commerce and industry, one such as the world has never seen before. But this will only come about if long views are taken by responsible Government officials.

### MEMORIES.

White windy nights,  
Orion's jewels gleaming,  
Treetops like crows  
And windows golden beaming,  
Footpathless pavements silent and dreaming,  
So I remember longing and leaning  
Out from a dark house  
To thy heart  
London.

ANNE F. BROWN.

**T**HOSE who knew Mr. F. W. Bourdillon, and all lovers of poetry, will regret his death. Mr. Bourdillon's beautiful and refined character was reflected in his lines. Readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* scarcely need to be reminded that for many years past he has been a welcome if only an occasional contributor to our pages. His verses about lost friends, such as his pathetic lament over the late Lady Tennyson, and his dreamily imaginative rendering of feelings inspired in the Alps constitute the best work of his later days. It is most likely that posterity will remember him chiefly as the author of a delightful version of that old French romance "Aucassin and Nicolette," and the lines which surely will never cease to be sung:

The night has a thousand eyes and the day but one,  
Yet the light of the whole world dies with the setting sun.

Mr. Bourdillon's life history was reflected in his face as we knew it, that is to say, when he had reached the time when thought turns more to the past than to the present or to the future. In the tender little lament which he wrote for Lady Tennyson there was that feeling which Tennyson has embodied in "Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." In "Hill Hallows" was embodied the comfort which Nature, looked at spiritually and imaginatively, administers to the mournfulness inseparable from advancing years:

Bring thou thine oblation,  
The simple heart—there!

**F**RANCE has emerged admirably from what appeared to be an embarrassing crisis. The new Prime Minister is M. Briand, an experienced statesman who has held this office and others on many previous occasions and is

so persuasive a speaker that he has been nicknamed "l'endormeur." M. Briand's access to power will be welcomed by this country. He made a very good impression here during the course of his visit while the war was going on. His speeches, made at a time when fortune seemed to be going badly against the Allies, particularly France, were powerful and exhilarating. They had the effect of inspiring our Allies with new spirit and new confidence. It was then that the savage German attack was made upon Verdun, and much anxiety was felt as to its fate. The position was desperate, but France rallied in a manner that will ever be chronicled in history, and the tables were ultimately turned against the invader. It will be remembered that M. Briand's well considered optimism had a great share in producing this effect.

TO last Saturday's *Times* Mr. S. S. McClure, the well known American writer, contributed an article which appeared under several headlines of which the most significant were "West v. East" and "White Races in Danger." His point was that movements now going on may end in a terrific war between a federation of coloured races and Western civilisation. The *Times* treated this argument with contempt, but in doing so made a curious admission which goes far to nullify the principal argument. It is not from the outside but from the inside that our civilisation is threatened, says our contemporary. That is, in a sense, true. The Western states have one and all become theatres for an internecine quarrel between Capital and Labour, on the one hand, and Bolsheviks, Sinn Feiners and other anarchists against the supporters of law and order, on the other. These quarrels weaken and enervate every State in which they occur and there is very little to choose between the States. America is as much in a ferment as Great Britain. France, Germany and all the Continental countries are under the same threat. But if there is anything in Mr. McClure's view that Japan and China may by the greed of land be induced to federate against the West, surely these internal conflicts are just the thing to give them an opportunity. The moral, we think, is that every civilised country should at once set about placing the relation between Capital and Labour on a sound footing, so that there would be no question of one class being against another. Were that accomplished, the other great foe, anarchism, would perish from want of food.

A BRIEF summary of the facts relating to the first year of Prohibition in America is not likely to recommend a "dry" policy to Great Britain. The facts are compiled from official records and, therefore, must be assumed correct, although one does not exactly know how they were arrived at. Spirits consumed are given at 41,000,000 gallons, while 51,000,000 gallons are still in bond. Spirits destroyed amounted to 123,494 gallons, and it is said that 14,000 illicit distilleries are still working. The penalties imposed amount to more than four and a half million pounds. America is going through an experience that was well known in this country at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, when illicit distilling, smuggling and shebeening were at their height. The Revenue officers were engaged in raids continually; losses of life were common. But those illegal practices were never suppressed until prices fell and smuggling and illicit dealing generally ceased to yield profits commensurable with the risk entailed. In America we learn that "bootlegging," or the carrying on the person, and illegal sale of spirits, and whisky-running are becoming more and more difficult to suppress.

THE fact that £200,000 worth of motor cars have been seized points to the adaptation of modern means of locomotion to the ends of the smuggler. When he rode a horse he was not easy to catch, especially as the population was generally on the side of the law-breaker. Kipling bears eloquent witness to this in his poem on the smugglers of the Sussex coast, with its refrain:

Then shut the gate, my darling, till the gentlemen go by.  
There is no law that can be maintained against the wish of the community. Some facts elicited on this side of the

Atlantic serve to confirm the American figures. *Harper's Wine and Spirit Gazette* says: "We hear well authenticated stories of 5,000 to 10,000 cases of Scotch whisky a week going to America." Sir James Stevenson told a newspaper interviewer that exportation to the United States is not very large, but there is a heavy demand from Mexico, Cuba and other countries. The consumption of the United States before the war was about 100,000,000 gallons a year, of which about 2,000,000 gallons were sent from Scotland. The quantity of spirit imported for medicinal use, too, has swollen enormously.

WE are glad to hear on good authority that the official Life of Mr. Cecil Rhodes is to be written by Mr. Ian Colvin. In this case both the subject and the writer of the book are interesting. The figure of Rhodes is one of the greatest and most important that passed across the stage in the Victorian Era. In every sense of the term he was a big man, big in his far-sighted views, in the resolution with which he worked at them, in his fidelity to friends and in his hatred of enemies; big, too, in his faults. No biographer could desire a more picturesque subject. Mr. Ian Colvin is well endowed for the purpose to which he has been appointed. The only stumbling block in his path must be the word "official" which one cannot pretend to like as applied to a biography. It can be defended only if it places no limit to the light and brilliant pen of Mr. Ian Colvin. He could not possibly be himself unless he is in meditation fancy free, like Shakespeare's Elizabeth. One feels confident that he will produce a book readable from start to finish if he is not overloaded with official documents which must be published.

#### ESCAPE IN A TREE.

Pillowed on the springy twigs,  
On the branch that sways and heaves,  
My will is the wind's will  
And my song is with the leaves.

Here I neighbour with the sky,  
The weary earth is far below,  
And the boughs thrill to the wind's will,  
The only will I know.

I am emptied of myself,  
Nothing my mind perceives  
But the wind's will with the wood's will  
And the music of the leaves.

ANNA DE BARY.

ILFORD is the latest illustration of the fact that modern systems—lighting, transport and so forth—lie at the mercy of the Trades Unions in every town that uses them. It is of very little use to protest against this method of enforcing wage demands as unjust. Everybody with eyes must see that children, women and vast numbers of men, who have nothing on earth to do with the grievances of those employed in electric lighting, are made to suffer severely. The condition of the town, in fact, owing to the impossibility of cleaning it and the closing of the public lavatories, is an open invitation to disease of every kind. It is also facilitating such crimes as robbery with violence, because nothing favours the ill-doer more than darkness. Now, it is not our purpose here to say anything of the rights or wrongs of the strikers, far less to controvert their argument, but surely it is apparent that means should be found, and found speedily, for settling disputes like these and enforcing the settlement on both parties.

IT is a long time since a match at billiards has aroused such general interest as that between Smith and Inman, which ended on Saturday night in a win for Smith by over eighteen hundred points. It had all the elements which go to make a match at any game enthralling. It was not an exhibition, but a real fight, and the players were both real fighters, gifted with that "dour" temperament which goes to the winning of matches. For nearly a year challenges had been flying between them, and whether or not they were both eager to be at one another's throats, the public was keenly anxious to see them at it. Finally, the match had one quality which



can never fail to be dramatic, for it was one between the old champion clinging grimly to his honours and the new one confident that, given the chance, he could prove himself. Inman fought a good fight. Helped by his longer experience of big occasions, he went away with the lead, and there was nothing finer in the whole match than the imperturbable way in which, having been caught and passed by Smith's great break of 802, he once again drew away and actually increased his lead on that day. But he was caught again, and this time his opponent's astonishing consistency was too much for him. Once he had got clear away Smith went from strength to strength, and he will now be more formidable than he has ever been before.

CANDIDATES for the Little Go at Cambridge will no longer have to wrestle with Paley's "Evidences of Christianity." A few may feel a little sentimental regret,

for the book has been the enemy of so many generations that it seems like an old friend. Presumably, however, no one will seriously dispute the wisdom of the decision. Yet Paley had one illustrious and unexpected champion. In the autobiographical recollections which he wrote for his children, Charles Darwin said: "The logic of this book and, as I may add, of his Natural Theology, gave me as much delight as did Euclid. The careful study of these works, without attempting to learn any part by rote, was the only part of the academical course which, as I then felt, and as I still believe, was the least use to me in the education of my mind." Unfortunately, other people did not study Paley carefully and did attempt to learn him by heart, or, rather, they learned as much as would satisfy the examiners in the shape of rhyming *memoria technica* devised by ingenious coaches. Few were, like Darwin, "charmed and convinced by the long line of argumentation," and Paley outlived his usefulness.

## RABBIT CRAFT

BY MAUD D. HAVILAND.

A CERTAIN ornithologist wrote of the partridge that about a bird so common there was nothing new to be said, and invited his readers to go into the fields and see it for themselves. This may be well enough for students of the partridge; for students of the rabbit it is another matter. True, if they walk the countryside they can hardly fail to sight a bunny, but that they will learn much about him is doubtful; for, after a number of years of rabbit study, I am the more convinced of our profound ignorance of his intimate life-history. Nine-tenths of our memories are fleeting glimpses of a white scut, and paws, tense with panic, flashing from a hated human intrusion. The remaining tenth is of the same rabbit sitting on his doorstep; and we may be sure, for all we have approached him warily, he has seen us and laid his plans accordingly.

A snowfall is the best evidence of our ignorance. At dawn, before human feet and wheels have spoiled the clean white sheet, we find his hop-dot tracks in unexpected places, and the volume and extent of this furry midnight traffic is surprising. Our high roads are smudged across where they intersect rabbit-thoroughfares between the copses and hedgerows. Right-of-way extends through the garden (no wonder the yard dog barked last night!), and our main railway line does not exist for rabbit pedestrians. With the help of the 6in. Ordnance Survey we

might construct a Rabbit's Map of the countryside; but even so, how little should we learn of his natural life, when he is passing, leisurely and unafraid, upon his lawful occasions?

Sometimes we find that the owner of such sign-manual has sealed the snow-chart of his moonlit ramble with his blood; but in pheasant-preserving country this is rare, for, apart from human interference, natural enemies are scarce, and flood and hunger are his worst foes. Where the warren is allowed to multiply unchecked in summer, the Malthusian Law comes into force in winter, and famine and disease are rife. It is not certain that it is hunger alone that drives the survivors to gnaw the bark of trees. Willow, ash and hawthorn are the favourites; but the inhabitants of a certain warren used to visit a neighbouring swamp to eat the tough astrigent rhizomes of the yellow iris. It was before the day of the vitamine theory, or one might have been tempted to wonder if this unusual diet provided something lacking in the frost-bitten, rain-bleached grass around.

Only twice have I seen fox and rabbit encounters. In the first instance the rabbit was feeding about sixty yards from the edge of a wood, when the fox broke out of the undergrowth and trotted leisurely up to him. The victim squatted flat, but made no attempt to escape. The fox picked him up, gave him a contemptuous shake, and returned to covert, dragging the limp grey body with him.

In the second instance very different tactics were employed. Two young foxes in the twilight marked down a rabbit in a thicket and hunted him as systematically as a pair of trained dogs. Each time that the quarry tried to break covert it was turned back scientifically until, with a crash of branches and a piteous scream, the hunters ran into their "kill."

I have seen stoat and rabbit encounters occasionally, but there was never anything to suggest that the victim was fascinated into passivity, according to the popular idea. On the contrary, the panic of the rabbit is so painfully evident that I can well believe the story of a friend who saw a hunted rabbit swim across the river Trent, a feat that baffled its pursuer.

Turning from death to birth, we find that the mother rabbit veils her ways in mystery. He who is cunning in field-craft knows that the casual litter of mould under the hedge conceals the entrance to the nesting burrow, but rarely, if ever, has the human eye seen the doe rabbit visit her nursery. For twenty days she keeps her young underground sealed fast against the light of day, tending them only under cover of darkness. The endurance of the little ones under this enforced neglect is somewhat remarkable. Fired by the wish to witness this secret visit, I watched from sunset till dawn near a nest of young some five days old, but her keen senses warned the mother of human proximity, and she never came near. The following night she returned faithfully, and finding her family warm and well, she suckled them as usual, and ultimately reared them safely, in spite of their forty-eight hours' fast.

It is a curious fact that a high proportion of very young rabbits have a white mark on the forehead, which is lost in later life; but it is not known whether this is a reversion to an ancestral type of coloration. The governing instinct of a baby rabbit is to burrow, and related to this, doubtless, is his instinct to shun the light. If taken from the nesting hole, he toddles to the nearest clod and scrapes in the most business-like way with his face hidden in a cranny, until, ostrich-like, he imagines he is entirely buried. The practical utility of this instinct is obvious where the youngsters are left to their own devices for so many hours. In winter these nurseries are frequently converted into



HOP-DOT TRACKS ON A RABBIT THOROUGHFARE.



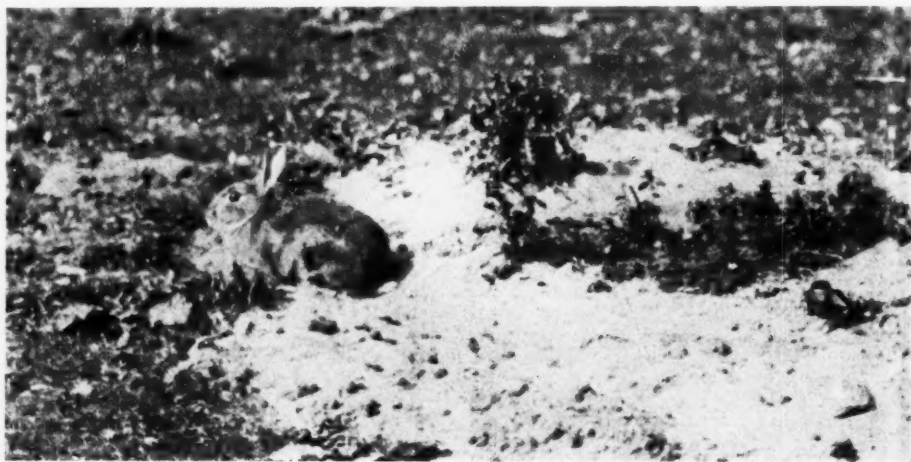


GIVING THE ALARM.

bachelor quarters by solitary buck rabbits, and it is an old poaching trick to thrust a long bramble stem into the burrow, and twist it round corkscrew-wise, until the thorns are entangled in the unlucky occupant's fur, and he is dragged out like a cork from a bottle.

Little or nothing is known of the courtship of our British mammals. Even the War of Wartzburg of a fox covert and the boxing matches of jack-hares have never been as thoroughly investigated as have the corresponding rituals of many birds, and nothing is known of the rabbit's wooing. In certain woods grow saplings whose bark is scored by many teeth, while round their roots a well used pathway runs, though their neighbours are ignored. These seem to be rabbit trysting places, though what ceremonies of challenge or amour they stand for, we do not know. Once, very early one April morning, I saw a curious sight, which may or may not have been connected with rabbit courtship. In an open space three rabbits, with scuts buttoned down, were hopping very slowly round in a small circle, each pressing closely on the heels of his predecessor. I watched three circles completed before the performers winded me and

dashed to covert. But what was this strange quadrille? Was it some rite of courtship? Or was it just a game of play? That is the worst of it: we shall never know. Our best



THE RABBIT ON HIS DOORSTEP.

knowledge of the real life of any wild creature is like a number of disconnected pictures cut from as many cinematograph films, and in a lifetime of careful watching, a man is lucky if he finds one that gives him any clue to the meaning of the rest.



SUSPICION.



## THE BRAIN SHOT AT ELEPHANT

By W. D. M. BELL.

THE hunting of the African elephant is now restricted in so many ways that it is difficult for anyone to gain experience in the shooting of them. In most of the protectorates or dependencies of the European powers a licence to kill two in a year costs from £40 to £80. It therefore behoves the sportsman to make a good job of it when he does come face to face with these splendid animals.

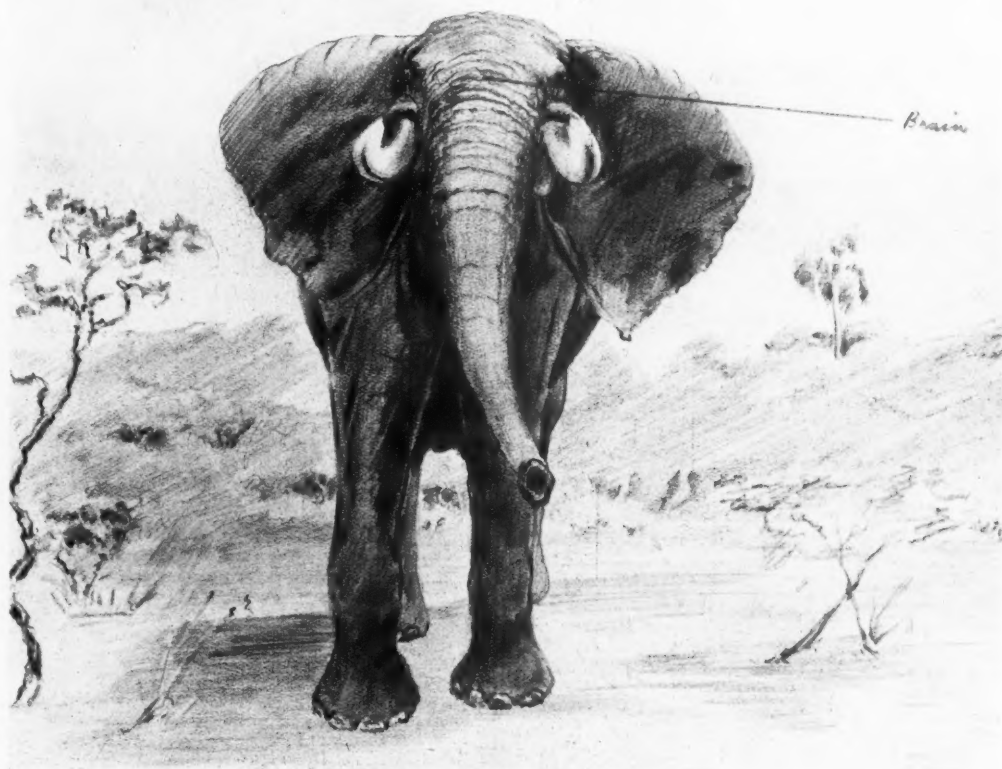
Twenty-five years ago parts of Africa were still open to unrestricted hunting, and it is from a stock of experience—gathered during years devoted to this fascinating pursuit—that I am about to draw, in the hope that it may assist the sportsman to bring about a successful termination to his hunt and perhaps save some unfortunate animal from a lingering death due to wounds.

In hunting elephant, as in other things, what will suit one man may not suit another. Every hunter has different methods and uses different rifles. Some believe in the big bores, holding that the bigger the bore therefore the greater the shock. Others hold that the difference between the shock from a bullet of, say, 250grs. and that from a bullet of, say, 500grs. is so slight that, when exercised upon an animal of such bulk as an elephant, it amounts to nothing at all. And there is no end to the arguments and contentions brought forward by either side; therefore it should be borne in mind

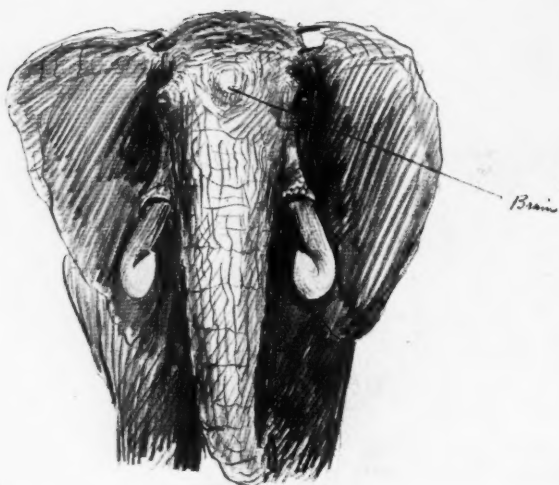
when reading the following instructions that they are merely the result of one individual's personal experience and not the hard and fast rules of an exact science.

As regards rifles, I will simply state that I have tried the following: .416, .450/.400, .360, .350, .318, .275 and .256. At the time I possessed the double .400 I also had a .275. Sometimes I used one and sometimes the other, and it began to dawn on me that when an elephant was hit in the right place with the .275 it died just as quickly as when hit with the .400, and, *vice versa*, when the bullet from either rifle was wrongly placed death did not ensue. In pursuance of this train of thought I wired both triggers of the double .450/.400 together, so that when I pulled the rear one both barrels went off simultaneously. By doing this I obtained the equivalent of 800grs. of lead propelled by 120grs. of cordite. The net result was still the same. If wrongly placed, the 800grs. from the .400 had no more effect than the 200grs. from the .275. For years after that I continued to use the .275 and the .256 in all kinds of country and for all kinds of game. Each hunter should use the weapon he has *most confidence* in.

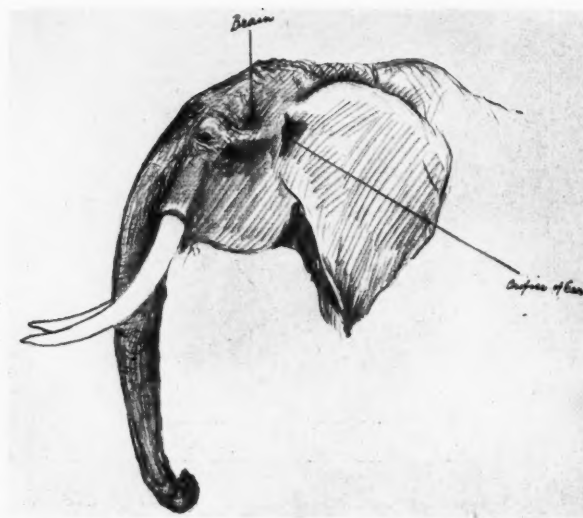
The deadliest and most humane method of killing the African elephant is the shot in the brain. Its advantages over the body shot are numerous, but among them may be mentioned that it causes instantaneous death, and no movement



THE DEADLIEST AND MOST HUMANE METHOD OF KILLING THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT IS THE SHOT IN THE COMPARATIVELY SMALL BRAIN CONTAINED IN HIS GIGANTIC HEAD.



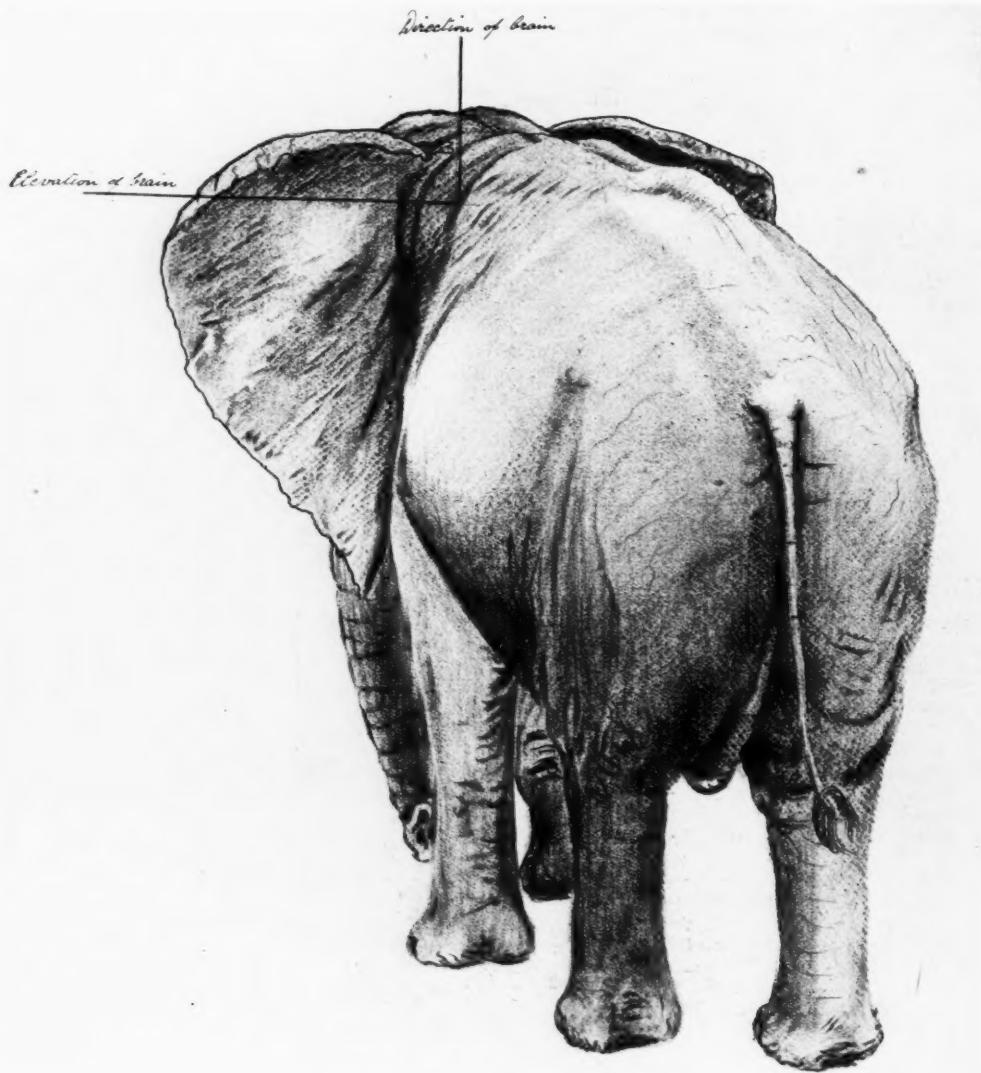
THE POSITION OF THE BRAIN WHEN THE HEAD IS VIEWED FROM THE FRONT.



LOCATING THE BRAIN WITH THE SIDE OF THE HEAD TO THE SPORTSMAN.

of the stricken animal communicates panic to others in the vicinity. The mere falling of the body from the upright to a kneeling or lying position does not appear in practice to have any other effect than to make the others mildly curious as to what has happened. On the other hand, if there are several elephants together and the heart shot is employed, the one hit almost invariably rushes off with a groan and squirm for fifty or a hundred yards, taking with him his companions, which do not stop when he stops, but continue their flight for miles. Another great advantage that the brain shot has over the heart shot is that with the former there is no search for the

dead animal, whereas with the latter it is sometimes extremely difficult to find it in thick bush even when lying within fifty or sixty yards of the spot from which the shot was fired. Again, the smallest bore rifles with cartridges of a modern military description, such as the .256, .275, .303 or .318, are quite sufficiently powerful for the brain shot. The advantages of these I need hardly enumerate, such as their cheapness, reliability, handiness, lightness, freedom from recoil, etc. For the brain shot only bullets with an unbroken metal envelope (i.e., solids) should be employed; and those showing good weight, moderate velocity, with a blunt or round-nosed point, are much



THE BRAIN SHOT FROM BEHIND





AFTER THE HEART SHOT: THE ELEPHANT AND HIS COMPANIONS STAMPEDE

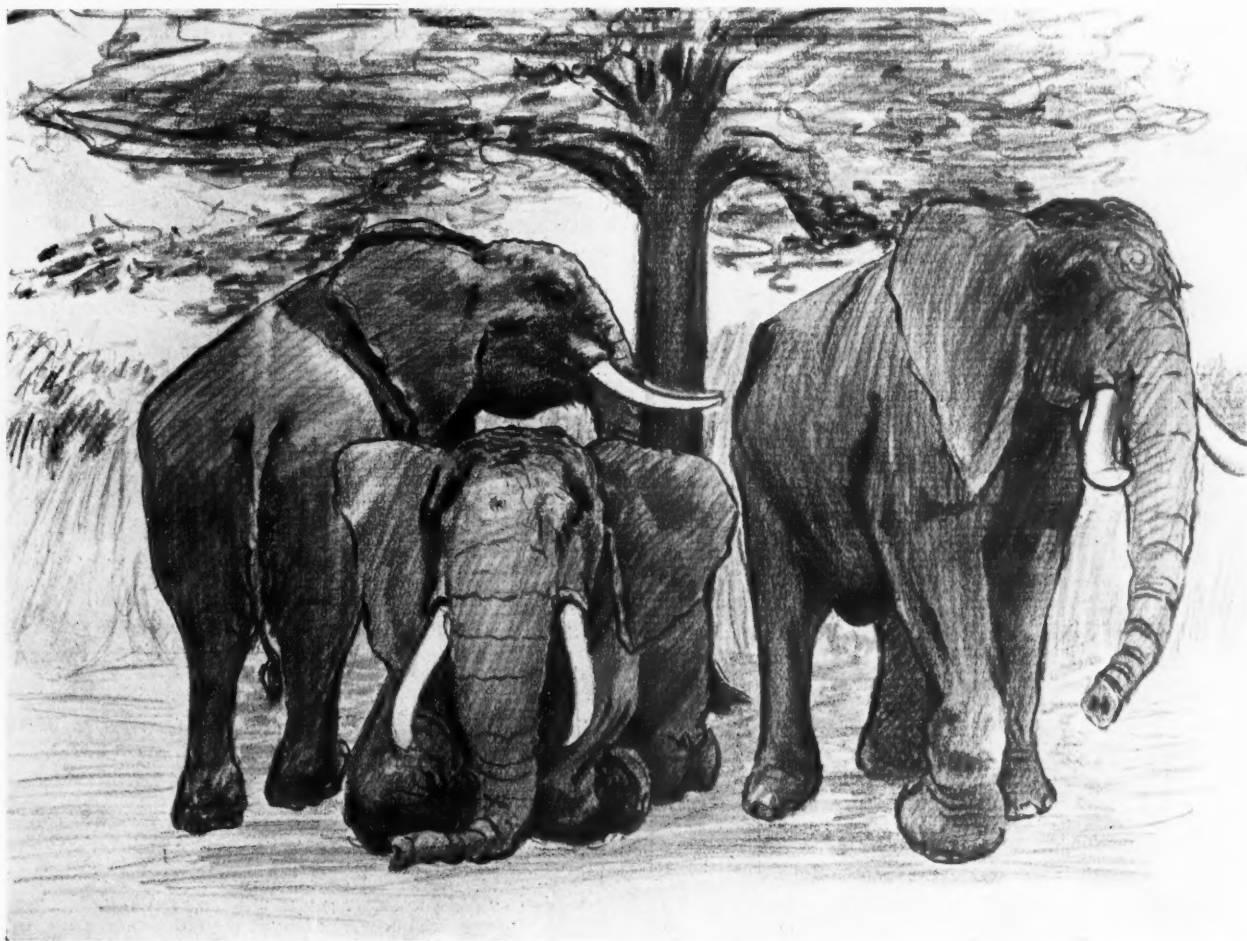
better than the more modern high velocity sharp-pointed variety. They keep a truer course, and are not so liable to turn over as the latter.

The greatest disadvantage the brain shot has is the difficulty of locating the comparatively small brain in the enormous head. The best way is, of course, to kill an elephant by the heart shot and very carefully to dissect the head, thereby finding out the position of the brain in relation to the prominent points or marks on the head, such as the eyes and ear holes. Unfortunately for this scheme, the head is never in the same position when the animal is dead as when alive, as an elephant hardly ever dies kneeling when a body shot has been given him.

The experienced elephant shot can reach the brain from almost any angle, and with the head in almost any position. But the novice will be well advised to try the broadside shot

only. Having mastered this and studied the frontal shot, he may then try it. When successful with the above two shots he may be able to reach the zenith of the elephant hunter's ambition, *i.e.*, to kill instantaneously any of these huge pachyderms with one tiny nickel pencil-like bullet when moving or stationary and from any angle.

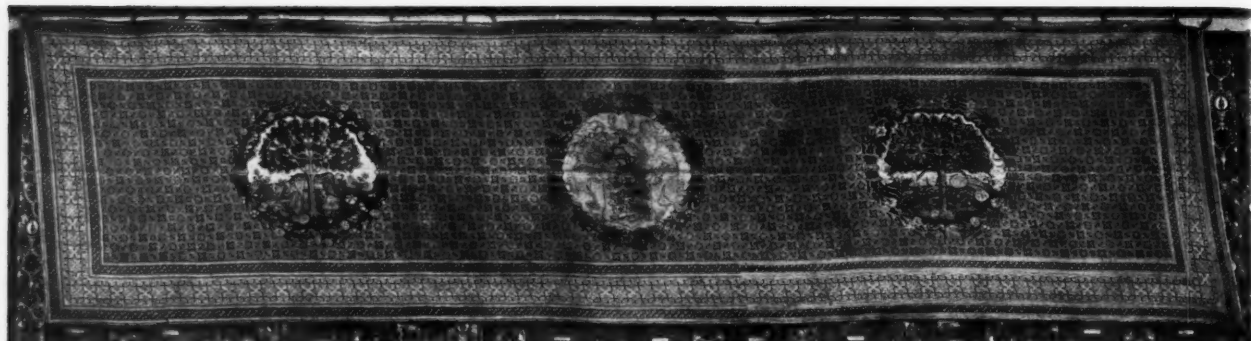
From the point of view of danger to the hunter, should a miss occur, an ineffective shot in the head does not appear to have the enraging effect a body shot elsewhere than in the vitals sometimes has. Should the bullet miss the brain, but still pass sufficiently close to it to stun the animal, he will drop to every appearance dead. If no convulsive jerking of the limbs is noticed he is only stunned, and should be given another shot, as otherwise he will soon get up and make off as if nothing had touched him.



THE ELEPHANT, AFTER THE BRAIN SHOT, DIES QUIETLY AND THE OTHERS DO NOT TAKE ALARM.

# ENGLISH ARMORIAL CARPETS

By W. G. THOMSON.



1.—ARMORIAL CARPET IN FINE *PETIT POINT*.  
18ft. 6ins. by 4ft. 7ins. The property of the Right Hon. Lord St. John of Bletso.

WHILE ancient carpets bearing the arms of their original owners are occasionally seen in the houses of our nobility and landed gentry, those containing the heraldic achievements of the family disposed in a series of shields throughout the carpet are exceedingly rare. The practice of preserving the family descent and alliances in this way may have been more general than the paucity of existing specimens suggests, as even occasional use spread over a few hundred years would destroy an embroidered or tapestry woven carpet if placed on the floor. Those used for tables or walls are different.

A beautiful example of the "Table Carpet" woven in tapestry exists at Chawton Manor, Hampshire. Made about 1554, it shows the arms of the Lewkenors and their alliances.

The purpose of the carpet was that, in the event of the failure of heirs male and the estates passing through daughters into other names, it would remain as a record to the younger house.

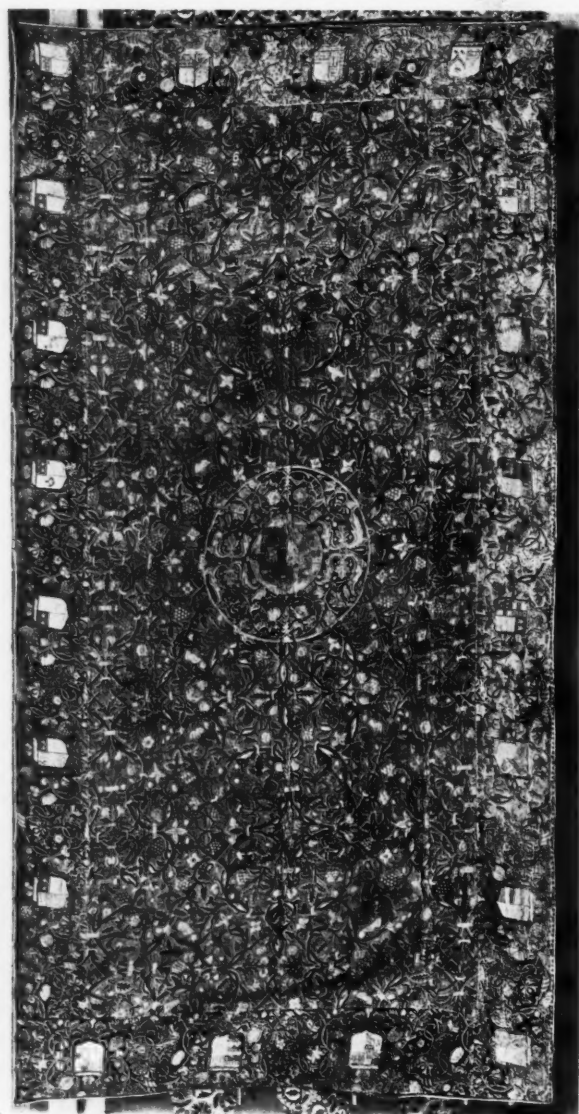
The ancient family of St. John of Bletso and its alliances are commemorated in the heraldry shown in a very large carpet of fine embroidery which was made in honour of the marriage in 1602 of Oliver St. John, first Earl of Bolingbroke, and Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of William Paulet, nephew of the first Marquess of Winchester (Fig. 2). Their arms, quarterings, crests and initials are placed in a central medallion. The Earl of Bolingbroke was fourth Baron St. John of Bletso, eldest branch of the St. Johns of Staunton St. John, Oxfordshire, whose progenitor, William de St. John, came over at the Conquest. Born about 1580, the fourth lord was elected Member of Parliament for Bedford the year before his marriage, became a strong supporter of the popular Party, received the title of Lord Bolingbroke in 1624, and died in 1646.

Twenty coats are disposed in the border of the carpet: Sir John St. John, father of the first Baron of Bletso, and Margaret Waldegrave; Oliver, first Baron of Bletso, cr. 1558, one of the peers who sat in judgment on the Duke of Norfolk in 1572, and Agnes Fisher; the second Lord St. John, who sat at the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, and Catherine, sister of Lord Dormer; Francis Russell, second Earl of Bedford, a prominent figure in the reign of Elizabeth, and Margaret St. John; Henry Parker, eighth Lord Morley, scholar, author and courtier, temp. Henry VIII, and Alice St. John; Sir John Pelham and Elizabeth St. John and Sir Thomas Rotherham and Elizabeth St. John are among the most notable.

The carpet is executed in fine *petit point* and chain-stitch and is in very good condition. Round the central coat runs a broad band of oak foliage with honeysuckle, roses and other flowers on a dark ground, while the field of the carpet is occupied by an elaborate pattern of foliage with curved and spiral stems which break into acorns, grapes, honeysuckle, pinks, roses and campanulas in careless profusion by a method of growth Nature never attempted, but which is characteristic of Elizabethan and early Jacobean design. The ground is blue worked in rows of chain-stitch. The outer border, decorated with floral design somewhat similar to that of the central band, on a dark ground, constitutes a most effective setting to the coats of arms. These are disposed to read from the inside, indicative of its use as a floor carpet in the absence of any elements of decoration suggestive of a mort-cloth. It measures 15ft. 8ins. long by 7ft. 11in. wide.

To an earlier style belongs another magnificent embroidered carpet from Bletso, if, indeed, it is not the oldest carpet of English making that has survived (Fig. 1). The field, yellowish and very light in tone, is decorated by small geometric figures picked out by patches of vivid colours, giving the effect of jewels set in gold. Upon this are placed three medallions or roundels; that in the centre contains an armorial shield, gules, three lions passant or, the first and second bearing a crescent, surmounted by helmet and crest, and encircled by a wreath of laurel, oak, acorns and pinks, having a Tudor rose at the top. Similar wreaths enclose medallions on either side, containing an oak tree laden with acorns, and a fallow deer feeding among herbage and flowers. The border consists of three bands, the main stripe ornamented with purely geometric forms, the outer an ingenious repetition of a conventional leaf element.

Of exquisitely fine execution in *petit point*, this carpet is in such splendid condition and fine colours as to suggest that it has been exclusively used as a "wall-carpet" for special occasions, while its long and narrow dimensions are those of a "pass" or runner; it measures 18ft. 6ins. long by 4ft. 7ins. wide. It is an existing illustration of a type of carpet described in inventories of the first half of the sixteenth century. That of Cardinal Wolsey (Bibl. Harl. 559) contains some interesting entries on folio 57: "Also, a carpet gevin unto my lordis grace by my lorde of Seynte Johns cont. in length vi yardes quarte di and in bredith ii yardes di." Another from the same donor was somewhat similar in arrangement to the long Bletso carpet but



2.—CARPET OF ARMS OF THE FAMILY OF ST. JOHN OF BLETSO COMMEMORATING THE MARRIAGE OF THE FIRST LORD BOLINGBROKE.  
15ft. 8ins. by 7ft. 11in.



measured approximately 13½ft. by 5½ft. It was of English making and had in it three great roundels and four smaller having mullets in them, and was of white, green, blue, red and yellow colours upon black, and had a large border of white, yellow, blue and green upon red. The donor, however, was the Lord Prior of St. John's of Jerusalem, Thomas Docwra, a family allied to the St. John's of Bletso by marriage about 1596. His gifts to Cardinal Wolsey comprised seven carpets, six in 16 Hen. VIII (fol. 104) and one (fol. 105d) four years later. Four were "window carpets" with roundels or knots in the middle, and all in many colours. The last was of English making, having two roundels of divers colours each filled with a knot in the centre and a running border of fleurs-de-lis. Of these carpets none has come down to us, and this Bletso specimen is probably the only one of its kind extant. With the armorial carpet it will be on view at Messrs. Sotheby's four days prior to sale on February 11th.

There are two tapestries: one inspired by Teniers' pictures shows Flemish peasants drinking and dancing to the bagpipes' sound. The old inn, the group of children listening to the wandering musician and the company of revellers

departing sustain the interest in this delightful composition, which is framed in a magnificent border of simulated carved and gilt wood. It is signed by Josse de Vos, a master weaver of Brussels, where he possessed twelve looms in the early eighteenth century. Visitors to Hampton Court Palace may remember the tapestries representing the History of Alexander, which are signed by this master. He wove tapestries for William III, part of the series of Marlborough's Victories, the Battles of Prince Eugene, a replica of the Conquest of Tunis by Charles V, and many other subjects.

To a different age belongs a most rare and precious tapestry resembling in its details the famous Hardwicke Hunting Tapestries, the property of the Duke of Devonshire. This panel, used as an altar-frontal, represents "The Descent from the Cross," "The Entombment" and "The Resurrection" in a series of beautiful compositions. Richly woven with gold at Arras about 1440, it retains its splendid colour, doubtless from having been hidden in a chest for a long period. Perhaps the finest of its style in existence, it belongs to the Right Hon. Lord Willoughby de Broke.

## ANATOLIA: THE HOME OF THE TURK

By DOUGLAS CARRUTHERS.



A TYPICAL TURKISH VILLAGE.

**A**NATOLIA, where the Ottoman Turk came from and whither he is likely to retire, is the only part of the Turkish Empire which is truly Ottoman. In other portions of his dominions he is brought into antagonism with either Arab, Jew or Armenian; he is a foreigner in Arabia, in Mesopotamia and in Syria. But in Asia Minor, or Anatolia, he is among his own people and owns an extensive tract of country which may rightly be accredited one of the most fertile regions of the world. Whatever ultimately happens to the outlying portions of Turkey, it may be presumed that the last resting-place of the House of Othman will be in Anatolia—the original home of the founder of that line.

Ever since a nomadic tribe of Tartars, emerging from the depths of Asia, wandered westwards and overran Asia Minor that historic land has been in the grip of the Turk. It has been described as "a thoroughfare for many conquerors, the abiding place of none, a debatable land on which the armies of East and West have fought, or marched towards countries beyond." From the dawn of history it has stood as a buffer between East and West, over which tides of conquest have ebbed and flowed as, in turn, Asia overran Europe and Europe invaded Asia. As a human habitation Anatolia is immensely old. Its fertility, its great mineral wealth and its agreeable climate have attracted Man from the earliest days. After a period of comparative prosperity the Turks arrived on the scene and its welfare declined. With their passage into Europe and the capture of Constantinople, Anatolia sank into being a mere appanage of the Sultans of Stamboul. Since then she has been drained of her wealth without benefit to herself. This should not be so, for Anatolia holds out every prospect that conduces to permanent prosperity. Besides its unequalled geographical position, as the junction of some of the most important lines of communication in the world, its climate and physical features are such as should support a hardy and healthy race; while its economic value is sufficient to produce a thriving trade on many different lines. The variety of scenery includes warm, luxuriant maritime plains and deltas, rolling hill-country of exceptional fertility, pine-clad mountains, and extensive prairies most suitable for stock raising and sheep ranching. Its mineral wealth is proved by the abundant signs of old workings, but it is practically untapped at the present day. The temperature varies considerably—sufficiently, indeed, to produce that

energy of mind and strength of character which are lacking among the inhabitants of regions where there is no great annual climatic change.

Anatolia is, in fact, a very desirable possession. Had the Turks concentrated their energies upon the development of that peninsula instead of courting trouble and jealousy by aspiring to power in Europe, they might have gone a long way towards permanent success. The limits of Anatolia embrace a region as large as France. It has the great advantage of a seaboard which is easily accessible from all points in the interior. There is no important town which is more than a hundred and fifty miles from the coast. Of its circumference at least two-thirds is washed by the waters of tideless inland seas—the Black Sea on the north, the island-dotted Aegean on the west and the Mediterranean on the south. Many excellent harbours shelter ports which must some day grow to prosperity and gain renown. As if inviting the commerce of Europe, the western shores of Anatolia are broken into innumerable land-locked lagoons, most attractive to cruise in and most convenient for practical use by merchantmen. Although the whole peninsula is a "Land of Promise," it was in the western portion that the prosperous cities of ancient times were located. Troy, Sardis, Ephesus and Pergamum all rose to eminence on the warm western coastal belt that fringes the edge of the central plateau. Although there were, and are, large towns of considerable importance in the interior, they do not hold out the same chance for economic expansion as the time-honoured settlements of the coasts facing Europe. It is here that European influence has chiefly made itself felt; the atmosphere is, in fact, Western. There are many large colonies of people who are "Occidental" and consequently progressive, whereas immediately away from the coast the character of the towns is purely Osmanli—that is to say, Asiatic and correspondingly inert. What has taken place in the west is a fair example of what could be done throughout the entire peninsula. The prosperity and wealth of Smyrna are proverbial in these days; and the stronghold of Cræsus himself was situated hereabouts.

Anatolia is composed of a central tableland fringed by mountain ranges which drop easily to the coasts. These border ranges catch the moisture from the surrounding seas and are for the most part very fertile. The Black Sea littoral is clothed in dense forests, and even the Mediterranean ranges support





TURKISH WOMEN WASHING CLOTHES.



ZEITUN. AN ARMENIAN MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD.

glorious pine-woods; while all coastal plains and deltas form extensive agricultural centres. The interior—the true plateau—is less fertile, in that the summer is characterised by drought, and cultivation is only possible in well watered localities. Yet, these somewhat arid regions supply excellent pasture for sheep; not even on the luxuriant grasslands of the Central Asian plateaux have I seen flocks so innumerable and so healthy as I came across on the steppes of Asia Minor.

Fine rivers, having their sources on the plateau, water the whole of Anatolia. Rivers of fame, some of them—the Meander, the Halys, the Iris and Hermes—whose banks have been the witnesses of most stirring events. The densest population is concentrated in the big river valleys, especially in the western half of the peninsula. Here it averages from twenty-five to fifty to the square mile, while further east it is only ten to the square mile. Some of the towns contain from 20,000 to 30,000 inhabitants; they form the centres of large and populous districts and contain in themselves important and profitable industries. Well managed and successful railway systems link them and are a boon to the agricultural districts which they tap. But these are nothing compared with what will be needful for the development of a region which could support a huge population and is suitable for the cultivation of such crops as wheat, tobacco, rice, cotton, silk, vines, olives and figs, and which is pregnant with untapped mineral wealth.

There is no better example of the possibilities of Anatolia, and of the place she might take in the world's progress, than the case of Smyrna. Here is the most Westernised of Anatolian cities, and, incidentally, the most flourishing. It is the centre of Greek expansion in Asia Minor, and there are also very considerable British interests. Its population has recently mounted to over three hundred thousand inhabitants; it is the terminus of several railways, and has a harbour which is unique even on that deeply indented coast. The wealth of its commerce is untold, and its prospects are immense. As Constantinople progresses Smyrna must come in for a large share of the profit. It will always be the principal port of Anatolia. In the vicinity are other large towns—Aidin, Manisa, Kasaba, Ushak, Alashehr and Kirkagatch. On the southern coasts towns are rare, for the mountainous nature of the country does not allow space for cultivation. As yet no railways lead inland from the

Black Sea, so the large towns of Kastamuni, Tokat, Amasia, Yussut and Sivas are isolated. On the edge of the central steppe are Angora, Kaisariyeh and Konia—the ancient capital of the Sultans of Rum. Konia, as Iconium, was the great clearing-house of the Near East in early days, and it will doubtless see a return of its bygone prosperity. It should appear again in the same capacity, for it stands at a critical point on the highway between East and West.

Anatolia is not only valuable in itself, on account of its intrinsic wealth, but also as the threshold of the East, across which all must step who go by land to the Orient. It is in this capacity that Anatolia will advance as a zone of political importance. Great developments are bound to follow upon the completion of the principal lines of communication. The inhabitants are, almost without exception, peasants of fine physique—frugal, patient and capable of hard work; they are excellent cultivators and good citizens, though somewhat narrow and adverse to progress. They are the product of a land still held in the bonds of mediæval feudalism, a country where big landowners grind the poor; but, as Gibbon puts it, their domestic slavery is "ennobled by martial discipline, religious enthusiasm, and the energy of the national character." In the present-day Osmanli of Anatolia we see the descendant of Othman at his best. What will happen to them should an "Hegira" take place from European soil to Asiatic it is hard to say. There are diverse and potent forces at work on the

confines of Asia Minor. The Greeks press her port towns; the Kurds and Armenians form a likely source of discord on her eastern frontiers. It looks as if the development of Asia Minor will have to be taken in hand by foreigners, while the native population will form the labouring class. It is, of course, chiefly as an agricultural and mining district that Anatolia will come to the fore; the development of these will need foreign capital and Western initiative. For many centuries this peninsula has been "on the shelf," Fate having decreed that it should pass into the hands of unworthy masters. Its reappearance in the commercial and political world is assured. Whether the Turks can retreat to Anatolia, survive the change, and cope with its problems is another question. There is no parallel to the existing circumstances; the situation is altogether unique; but, looking back at history, we note that when a people have run their course, and lost, and retire whence they came, they do not recover. The Mongols overwhelmed all Asia and a good slice of Europe, they became immensely powerful, but when they retreated to their own land they simply disappeared from view. When the Arabs burst forth from their deserts they built up a wider empire in a shorter time than anyone has ever done before or since; but it profited them nothing; they went back to their barren peninsula, and lost all they had gained. Whether or not there is a future for the Osmanli in Asia remains to be seen; in Anatolia lies his best chance of success.

## THE PRIME MINISTER'S HOUSE WARMING

LAST week, in one of our "Country Notes," we printed the touching message Lord and Lady Lee wrote in the visitor's book at Chequers on the night of the Prime Minister's house-warming. For the benefit of our readers we have reproduced in facsimile this week the entry in the visitors' book and the signatures of the guests on that memorable occasion. One can fancy that the words will be read by many a distinguished visitor in the future. Both the outside and the inside of this noble country house belong in a very particular way to the landscape that surrounds it—the lovely landscape of the Chilterns—the beautiful beech groves of Buckingham and the charm which is indelibly associated with the neighbourhood of Wendover. If we may be permitted to say so, the message left by Lord and Lady Lee has a touch of the tenderness and regret expressed by the sigh of the beech leaves in spring and their rustle in mid-winter. It was an enviable privilege to be

present on such an occasion and one not to be easily forgotten by any member of the house party who signed the book. The more one thinks about it the more one is impressed with the greatness of the sacrifice made by the owners. Chequers, intimately connected with the history of one of the greatest of our Parliamentarians, Oliver Cromwell, has all the seclusion and beauty of a place deep in the country and yet is a very short distance from town when time is measured by the speed of a motor car. It will generally be admitted as most appropriate that a Prime Minister, from whatever class he may be drawn in the future, should by personal contact learn something of the beauty and dignity of an English country house. This is an advantage altogether apart from its convenience to the Minister as a place of retirement and seclusion. The latter advantage is shared by the Prime Ministers of France and some other countries who have certain palaces and mansions placed at their disposal.

January 8, 1921

Tonight we leave this dear place, with a sense of loss which cannot be measured, but content and happy in our faith that Chequers has a great part to play in the moulding of the future and that in freeing it for this high task we are doing the best service to our Country that it is in our power to render.

We are also sustained by the confident belief that our successors here will honour and guard our Trust, and that Chequers, in return, will give to them—above all in times of stress—those blessings of peace, health and happiness which, for so long, it has given to us.

Lee of Fareham.

Ruth Lee of Fareham—

The Prime Minister's "Housewarming"

Jan: 8-10. 1921

26.1.1921

John W. Davis

Reading

M. Horne

Ellen Bassel Davis

Hannah Greenwood

Mary Greenwood

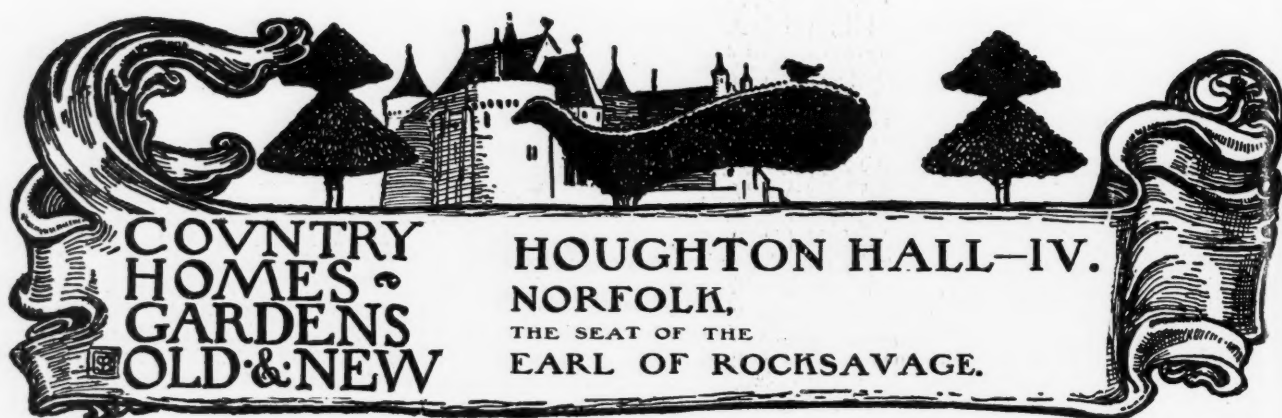
Dawson Mann

Nidder

Margaret Lloyd George

Wage Lloyd George





SIR THOMAS ROBINSON, in the autumn of 1731, found that "there is only one dining room to be finished which is to be lined with marble," and accordingly, in a surviving account for masonry in the following year we find an item for statuary marble and a charge of £22 for masons taking down and re-erecting the dining-room chimney-piece in order to insert the "barsrelieve." So that we may judge that the room had been previously more or less completed, but that the arrival of the "Sacrifice to Bacchus" panel (Fig. 4) had been delayed. Horace Walpole describes the room as:

Marble Parlour—One entire side of this Room is Marble, with Alcoves for Sideboards, supported with Columns of Plymouth Marble. Over the Chimney is a fine Piece of *Alto Relievo* in Statuary Marble, after the Antique by Rysbrack, and before one of the Tables a large Granite Cistern.

The chief pictures he mentions as being on the walls, namely, the Vandycks of Sir Thomas Wharton and of the Earl of Derby, went to Russia, being replaced after the Cholmondeley succession by those of Lady Cholmondeley by Hoppner and of the Duchess of Ancaster by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the latter forming the frontispiece of this number.

It will be seen (Fig. 1) that the marble side mentioned by Horace Walpole takes the form of a deep recess thrown

into the room by means of wide arches on each side of the mantelpiece. That is not the arrangement in Campbell's plan published a fortnight ago. There it will be seen that the secondary staircase, occupying to the north the same position as the great staircase to the south of the hall, uses up much less width and that the surplus was formed by Campbell into dark closets opening with ordinary sized doors from the room. The whole space could not be thrown into the room without displacing the chimney breast and thus disturbing the symmetrical arrangement of the chimney stacks. But it evidently afterwards occurred to Ripley that he could greatly add to the importance of the appearance and convenience of the service of the room by means of the arrangement shown in the illustrations, and it will then have been decided that the entire new arrangement, including the sideboards, should be carried out in marble. The chimneypiece, the architraves and key stones of the arches, the bases and capitals of the columns, are of Carrara marble, the rest of veined white marble, except the columns described by Horace Walpole as of Plymouth marble. They are of pink and grey dove colour, indicating an early resort to the now largely used Devonshire quarries. In the corners are half pilasters of the same material, but both full and half pilasters on the other sides of the room



Copyright.

1.—THE MARBLE PARLOUR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

So called because the whole of the side facing the windows, including the alcoves and sideboards, is of marble. The full-length portrait is by Hoppner of Lady Cholmondeley, wife to the Earl of Cholmondeley, who inherited Houghton in 1797.





Copyright.

2.—IN THE MARBLE PARLOUR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The full-length portrait is that of the Duchess of Ancaster by Reynolds (see frontispiece). She was Lady Cholmondeley's mother.



3.—THE EAST OR WINDOW SIDE OF THE MARBLE PARLOUR. All doorways and window linings are of mahogany, carved and gilt. The side table and mirror frame between the windows are by Kent, who also painted the ceiling.



4.—THE CHIMNEYPiece IN THE MARBLE PARLOUR. The panel by Rysbrach represents a sacrifice to Bacchus, and Vine leaves and grapes appear on chimneypiece, door-cases, mirror, frieze and ceiling.

are, like the rest of the linings of these sides, of wood painted; doors and door-cases, windows and window shutters being of mahogany with gilt enrichments. The frieze of the door-cases is carved with clustered bunches of grapes, the Bacchic idea prevailing throughout the decorations of the room. It occurs not only in marble on the mantelpiece, but in gilt plasterwork on the soffits of the ceiling ribs, the panels being painted by Kent. Grapes also occur on Kent's gilt side table and mirror between the windows (Fig. 3), and along the frieze of the entablature which the pilasters support. Here, as in all important rooms, Kent showed great thoroughness in producing a special and consistent decorative scheme. Probably designed by him, but not so fully in his manner, is the fine set of gilt furniture, consisting of twelve chairs, four of them with arms (Fig. 13), their general form, especially of the back, suggesting 1715 rather than 1730 as the date. But Kent often looked a little behind him for the main outlines of his furniture forms, even using, as we saw in the white drawing-room, a leg derived from a William III form. The dining room chairs display the motifs usual with Kent and are very highly enriched examples of a type used by cabinetmakers under George I, a set having been made for Lord Mayor Humphreys of Bloomsbury Square, one chair of which is now in the Mulliner Collection.

The illustration that includes the side table and mirror also shows the double doors opening into the cabinet room, where we find the only complete chimneypiece and frame exactly as figured in Ware's book (Fig. 5). The pedimented marble mantelpiece, of charming design and perfect execution, has, as we found in the saloon, a retable forming a shelf on which rests one of Kent's great architectural picture frames similar to those he designed for saloon and white drawing-room and rather more elaborate than those he placed as mirror frames between windows. The general scheme, however, of a broken architraved frame topped by an entablature bearing a broken pediment with a female mask in the breach is like the one in the marble parlour, but special distinction is given by the way in which the swags of drapery break into the side panels. Again, we meet one of Kent's complete room designs; the wave pattern of the chimneypiece architrave moulding is repeated in that of the wall entablature, as is the shell in the frieze that also occurs in the great frame. The room, rich in its get-up, that includes carved and gilt mahogany door-frames and window shutters, was originally intended for, and is now again used as a bedroom. But the necessity of finding room for his ever increasing collection of pictures induced Sir Robert to hang the walls with green velvet as the background for some fifty small paintings and sketches, besides Vandyck's great canvas of Rubens' wife in the chimneypiece frame. The sketches include Rubens' design for the Whitehall Banqueting House ceiling that had previously belonged to Kneller. When the pictures went, the velvet on the walls was replaced by a very beautiful Chinese paper having a blue ground with flowering trees and birds in white with occasional colour. The green velvet, however, remains on the set of furniture that lies half way between the elaborate gilt sets hitherto illustrated and those of plain walnut wood of which we have seen a set purchased from Bodham and Co. in 1724. The cabinet room set is of walnut with gilding on the carving and lines of legs and frame, the legs being of simple cabriole form with hoof feet (Fig. 12).

Through the cabinet room, and looking north, we pass to what Horace Walpole describes as :

*The Embroidered Bed-Chamber.* The Bed is of the finest Indian Needle-work. His Highness Francis Duke of Lorraine, afterwards Grand Duke of Tuscany, & since Emperor, lay in this Bed, which stood then where the Velvet one is now, when he came to visit Sir Robert Walpole at Houghton.

The phrase "Indian Needle-work" is curious. It then generally implied an importation from



China through the East India Company, but the embroidery looks more like a European transcript than the absolute handiwork of denizens of the Celestial Empire. The white background is delicately quilted in leaf pattern in white silk thread, the coloured design of flowers and birds being all in chain stitch. Again we have a ceiling by Kent and door and window frames of enriched and gilt mahogany, the walls being hung with a set of tapestries, probably Flemish (Fig. 9).

*James the First, Queen Anne his Wife, Daughter to Frederick the 2<sup>d</sup> King of Denmark, Charles the First, and his Queen, and Christian the Fourth King of Denmark, Brother to Queen Anne; they have fine Borders of Boys with Festoons and Oval Pictures of the Children of the Royal Family.*

Not all, however, are Vandyck reproductions, James and Anne being taken from portraits by Van Somer. But the interest is in the tapestry itself, it being a dated and signed product of



Copyright.

#### 5.—IN THE CABINET ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Mantelpiece and great frame as designed by Kent. Until after 1779 green velvet was stretched on the walls and fifty small pictures hung thereon.

A set of much more interest to us was acquired for the next room, serving as a dressing-room to the state or velvet bedchamber that occupies the north-west tower space. Horace Walpole tells us that:

The Dressing Room—Is hung with very fine Gold Tapestry after Pictures of *Vandyke*. There are whole-length Portraits of

the Mortlake looms. The golden period of that famous factory was after the accession of Charles I in 1625 and before the death of its creator and first director, Sir Francis Crane, in 1636. In the later and disturbed years of Charles's reign it naturally declined and, though encouraged by the Commonwealth Government, it found scarcely any purchasers for its



6.—TAPESTRY OF CHRISTIAN IV, KING OF DENMARK.



7.—IN THE STATE DRESSING-ROOM.  
It is hung with the Mortlake tapestries known as "The Kings and Queens."



8.—TAPESTRY OF JAMES I AND HIS QUEEN.

Copyright.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



costly produce under that regime. At the Restoration Sir Sackville Crow obtained a lease and a subsidy, but after some years of adversity he resigned in 1667, his finances being so straitened that we find him, three years later, in the Fleet Prison. About the time of his resignation, Francis Poyntz, in a letter proposing great developments of the factory, signs himself "The King's Tapestry Maker," and in 1668 he makes two sets for the Court. Although Court officials appear to have

July, 1670. The Countess had evidently been inclined to go to Mortlake, as Crow writes:

My Lady in hir Letter speakes of Poynze, but take it of my Creditt hee hath not one good piece of painting or Designe by him, besides a deare prateing fellow yt knowes not what good worke is.

That was not the general opinion of Poyntz then or now, for he not only continued to use the old designs, such as Raphael's



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9.—IN THE EMBROIDERED BEDCHAMBER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The bed is entirely of needlework on a white quilted ground; the walls hung with tapestry.

been at the head of the factory, Poyntz was, without doubt, the acting manager of it for at least a decade, and if he did not reach the excellence of the days of Crane, he certainly turned out good work. Naturally, he is not loved by the fallen Crow, who, from the debtor's prison, recommends Lady Rutland to give an order, which she is thinking of placing, to Benood of the Lambeth factory, who accordingly enters into an agreement with her in

cartoons of the Apostles and Mantegna's "Triumph of Cæsar," but procured new ones. Thus the set of the Battle of Solebay (fought in 1672), which hangs at Hampton Court, has one of the pieces signed Francus Poyntz, with the Mortlake mark. At the same time he is busy producing the set of the Kings and Queens, presumably for the Sovereign, but whether that is so, and how the only known set came into the possession of Sir Robert Walpole has not been traced. It consists of the five

panels mentioned by Horace Walpole, four of which are seen in the illustration of the room (Fig. 7), the fifth one being on the return wall before the mantelpiece is reached. On the plinth of the column behind James I (Fig. 8) one of the little labels is inscribed "F.P. Fecit 1672," and the same appears on the edge of the pond at Anne of Denmark's feet; another label telling us "Paul Van Somer Pinxt anno 1617." Behind the King a view of Windsor is spread out, while the building to the left of the Queen is, no doubt, intended for a presentment of Hampton Court. The vignette in the border to the left of the King is Prince Charles, and to the right that of his elder brother, Henry. Charles and Henrietta are flanked by their children, while Christian IV (Fig. 6) has James I's daughter Elizabeth to the right of him; but to the left the cartouche is empty, as are those above in the frieze, which in other cases have arms or ciphers. The borders may have been taken by Poyntz from his stock as they have a resemblance to those used forty years earlier in Mortlake's heyday, these having been influenced by the output of the Paris factory under Henry IV and Louis XIII. But the

technique of 1772 is really excellent, and there is the same vigour and verve about the boys among the fruit and flower swags as we find in Artari's stuccowork of the hall ceiling. It will be noted that Horace Walpole called it gold tapestry, but the silver gilt wire is entirely confined to the background of the borders. The little embroidered bed in the room is held to be that of Sir Robert's grandchild George, afterwards third Earl of Orford, to whom George II and his Queen stood sponsors in 1730. Though 4ft. wide, the bed is only 6ft. high, entirely upholstered in white silk with gold and coloured embroidery of stems, leaves, flowers and birds.

The green velvet bedchamber (Fig. 10), was intended for State purposes and is very grandly got up, with its Kent ceiling of Aurora, its tapestry hangings, representing the loves of Venus and Adonis, its enriched mahogany fittings, its gilt furniture and its green velvet curtains and bed lavishly embroidered with gold. As we have seen, Kent's design for the bed (Fig. 11) had not been carried out when the German Prince slept in the room in 1731; but the bill of "Turner, Hill & Pitter in the



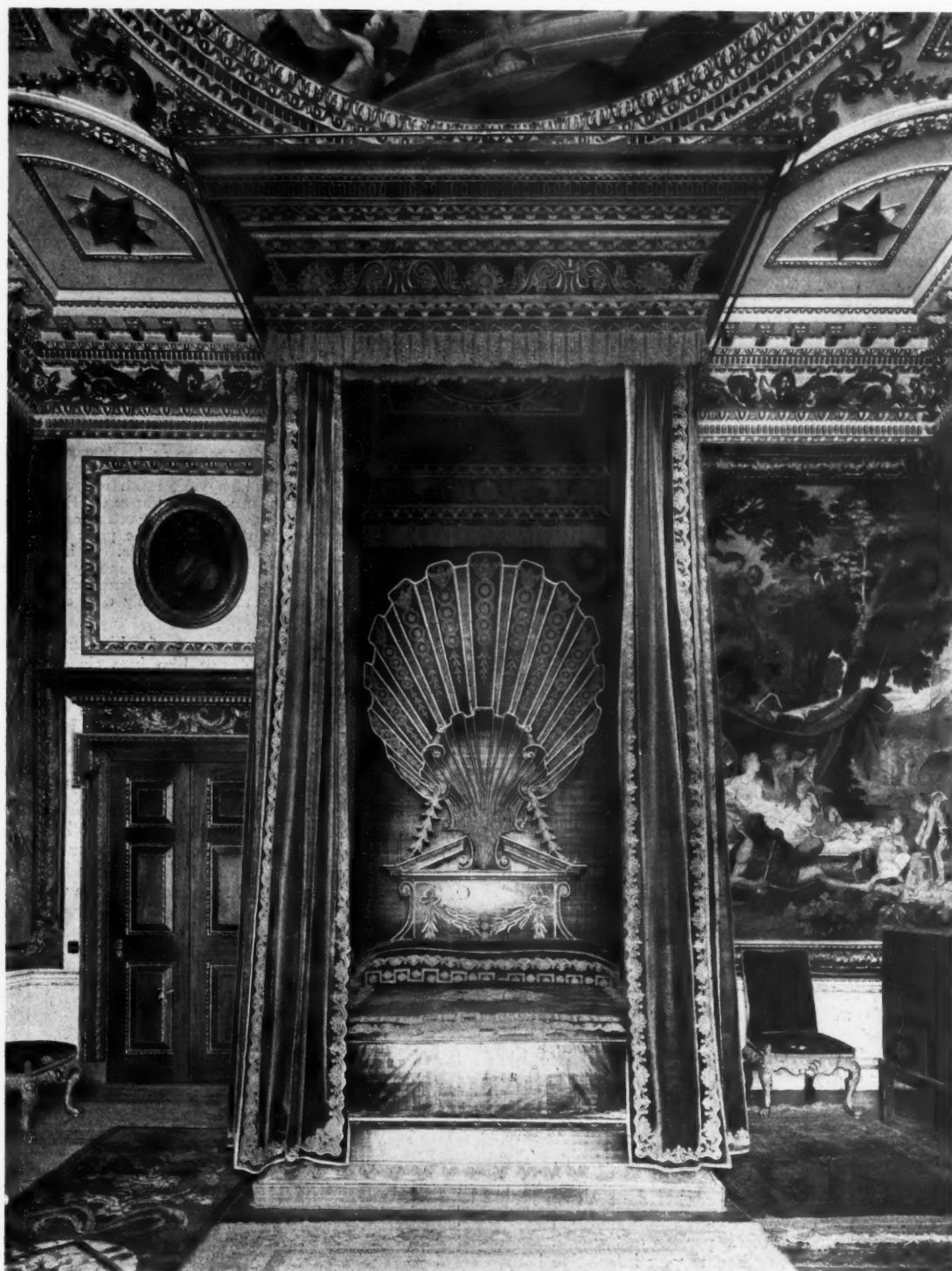
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10.—THE STATE OR GREEN VELVET BEDCHAMBER.

"C.L."

The painting of Aurora on the ceiling by William Kent. The tapestry represents the loves of Venus and Adonis.





Copyright.

11.—THE GREEN VELVET BED.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

It was designed by Kent and completed in 1732; the velvet of the bed and also of the window curtains is covered with gold embroidery, which cost over £1,200.

Strand" for the gold trimmings is dated 1732 and amounts to £1,219 3s. 11d. The principal items are:—

266½ yds. dble rich gold clouded lace			
209 — do —			
36½ yds. cord do—			
305 Gold Vellum Riveces do	584	8	12
8 Small do.			
202 Small Vellum Ornaments do			
48 Vellum Corners do			
16½ yds. dble rich gold bullion fringe with a vellum head			
87 dble rich gold bullion rofes	481	11	12
6 gold bullion toffells do.			
11 dble rich gold vellum ornaments with bullion roses, and a large vellum bottom for the shell with Flowers do for the Tester and Pedestal and a large vellum Flower for the Counterpane do	131	12	12

The gold embroidery was worked, as the bill shows, on a vellum basis, and every item can be traced, such as the shell, the large central flower and numerous roses on the counterpane, and

the endless yards of different patterned lace. The bed, as is seen, reaches within a couple of feet of the ceiling of the 18-foot room, so that the back offered ample field for Kent to place a shell as huge as his heart's desire. It is shell within shell, the smaller one springing out of the pediment of which the mouldings have a 6-inch projection, and every part stands forward enough to yield shadow that adds to the splendidly rich effect and play of light and shade of the gold embroidery.

The mantelpiece is of "black and gold" marble with sculptured enrichments in Carrara. The frame above does not rest on a retable and is not part of Kent's original design. There are various bills for the framing of Sir Robert Walpole's picture collection. The cost of an ordinary frame is two or three pounds. But a few are elaborate, and, very likely, the one now in the Green Velvet Bedchamber is one of them. For instance, in 1721 John Howard charges £33 for "a frame Carved and gilt with gold to Yo<sup>r</sup> Hon<sup>ble</sup> Picture over the Chimney," the date implying that this would have been in London or Chelsea. But in 1729, and, therefore, no doubt, for Houghton, we find an item of £28 "for a very large Rich archetrive frame Carv'd & guilt w<sup>th</sup> gold with all the Ornaments



12.—WALNUT WOOD CHAIR.

One of a set in the Cabinet Room. The seat and back upholstered in green velvet. Legs of cabriole form with enriched knees and hoof feet—the enrichments are all gilt. Circa 1730.

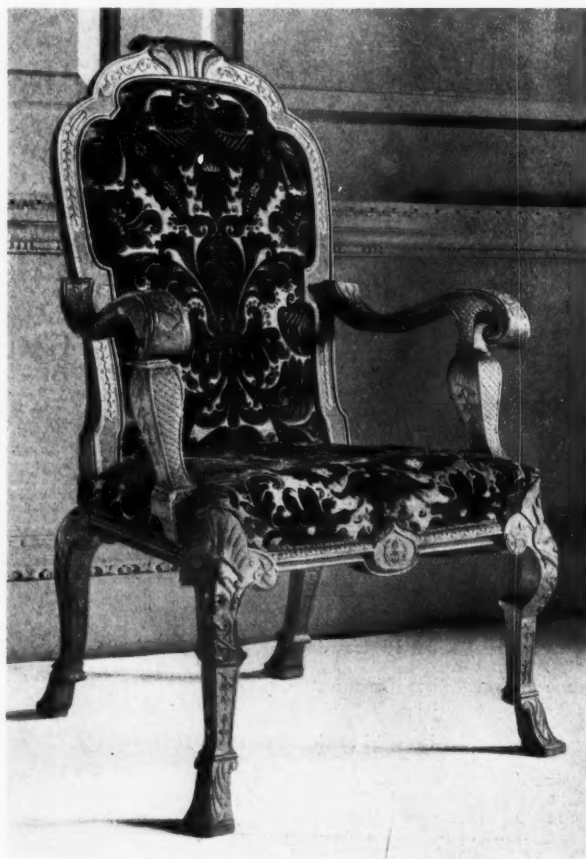
to a picture by Peter de Carton." In the same year, £14 is paid for "a very Rich frame Carv'd & gilt with gold to y<sup>e</sup> Hon<sup>ble</sup> picture at Whole Length paint'd by Mr. Hysing." Hysing will be Jacob, younger brother of the famous Jan van Huysum, prince of flower painters, who was represented among the Houghton pictures that went to Russia. Jacob came to England in 1721 and he would have earned a considerable reputation but for his brother's eminence. The younger man followed at a distance the elder's footsteps as a flower painter and is said to have "lived with Lord Orford and painted most of the pictures in the attic storey" at Houghton. That is reached, as we have seen, by the grand staircase as it leads to the important guest chambers lying on each side of the hall gallery. Here again all the doors and doorways and shutters are of mahogany, but they are plain moulded, neither enriched nor gilt. The walls are mainly wainscoted, although several rooms were hung with tapestry. It is on record that there were once at Houghton other sets of Mortlake besides "The Kings and Queens." There is much good furniture of all periods of the eighteenth century in the attic chambers and some very interesting beds, such as that in "The north-east corner or painted Taffety Room," the bed being upholstered in creamy-white silk, hand-painted in Chinese designs, the walls being hung in the same material. A bed, described in the inventory as a "White worked India bed," is in the manner of the one in the Embroidered Chamber. Although most of the sets of furniture are cabriole legged, and therefore of the eighteenth century, there is also a certain number of the Charles II period, which, no doubt, came from the old house.

The splendour and expensiveness of Houghton have been fully exhibited in the account and illustrations that have been given. Although wealthy, Sir Robert was barely able to meet the demands on his purse, for not only was he re-creating Houghton in this princely manner, but he was spending money on his London and Chelsea houses and also at Richmond, where, his son being Ranger of the park, he had a lodge built or greatly altered which he used for Saturday and Sunday hunting. We are, therefore, not surprised to find that he was apt to keep his tradesmen waiting for their money. For example, in 1729 he had only paid £200 out of the £1,400 of the bill that Roberts had sent in for furniture, and of the £1,219 13s. 11d. charged for the velvet bed trimmings in 1732, all but £400 was still owing two years later. Continuity of office, therefore, was not only desired from love of power, but also from the need of maintaining his income at the highest level. With his fall from

office in 1742 the decline of Houghton began. For years he had been running the Government of England almost as a one man show, for not only had he alienated all the brilliant section of the Whigs, such as Carteret and Pulteney, but even his brother-in-law, Lord Townshend. His chief merit lay in giving England peace and prosperity. He has been described as the first commercial minister since Thomas Cromwell under Henry VIII, and was certainly the founder of modern English trade greatness. But the action of Spain unwillingly drove him into a war for which he had not prepared and which he could not carry on with any measure of success. Thus the growing strength of the Opposition and his own unpopularity outweighed his acuteness in managing politicians and using money and place as the groundwork of a majority. The election of 1741 was against him, and his defeat in the House of Commons led to his resignation in the beginning of 1742. His whole endeavour was then turned to avoid impeachment. He attained his end, but with the Earldom of Orford came political eclipse. He lived another three years, and the position at his death is well given by his son Horace in a letter to Mann dated April, 1745:

It is certain he is dead very poor: his debts, with his legacies, which are trifling, amount to fifty thousand pounds. His estate, a nominal eight thousand a year, much mortgaged. In short, his fondness for Houghton has endangered Houghton. If he had not overdone it, he might have left such an estate to his family as might have secured the glory of the place for many years: another such debt must expose it to sale. If he had lived, his unbounded generosity and contempt of money would have run him into vast difficulties. However irreparable his personal loss may be to his friends, he certainly died critically well for himself.

He had not only obtained a peerage for his eldest son twenty-two years earlier, but had put him into sinecure places, of which the chief one brought in £7,000 a year. Thus, with his wife's fortune and the Houghton revenues, the second earl could carry on, but with his death six years later the sun of Houghton set. The little boy of the embroidered bed succeeded as third earl soon after he came of age and would have found it very difficult to keep up his grandfather's establishment had he been thrifty and a good manager. He was exactly the opposite, and with a fine appearance and much charm of manner appears to have had a good deal of the character of the rake and the spendthrift which his ill chosen associates helped to develop. Of the decay of Houghton during his ownership we get glimpses



13.—GILT CHAIR.

One of a set of twelve in the Marble Parlour. Although the high back might point to a date no later than the reign of Queen Anne, the motifs are all such as were favourites with Kent, who probably designed these chairs about 1730.



from his uncle. Staying there alone for a day or two in March, 1761, arranging for his return to Parliament at Lynn, Horace Walpole writes to George Montagu of the desolation of the place. As a lad of nineteen he had found the "charming garden all wilderness," very sympathetic to his "romantic inclinations." But it had been a very ordered and well kempt wilderness. Now it was altogether overgrown: "many fond paths I could not unravel though with a very exact clue in my memory. I met two game keepers and a thousand hares!" Twelve years later he tells Mason of—

the havoc and spoil that my poor wretched nephew and a gang of banditti have made on the palace and estate of my father. The pictures alone have escaped the devastation.

Alas! that was but a respite; their sale to Russia is settled in 1779 and we get the *cri du cœur*:

It is the most signal mortification to my idolatry of my father's memory, that it could receive. It is stripping the temple of its glory and of his affection. A madman excited by rascals has burnt his Ephesus. I must never cast a thought to Norfolk more; nor will I hear my nephew's name if I can avoid it!

His "Aedes Walpolianæ" was out of date, and in 1788 Josiah Boydell published his great volume of engravings of the "most Capital Paintings" belonging to the Czarina Catherine of Russia, "but lately to Lord Orford." The letterpress is little more than a transcript from the "Aedes," but he adds certain remarks of his own, as when he assures us that Willibert's copy of Rubens' Holy Family in the Pitti Palace is "finely finished and the colouring neater than Rubens." Of Van Dyck's full length of Charles I the following anecdote is related:

By mistake both the gauntlets are drawn for the right hand. When this Picture was in the Wharton Collection old Jacob Tonson, who had remarkably ugly legs was finding fault with the gauntlets; Lady Wharton said, "Mr. Tonson, why might not a man have two right hands as well as another two left legs?"

Here also we get a hint of whence the collection was gathered together. No doubt there were foreign agents buying in Italy, such as we saw Thorne wished to be, and, perhaps through Sir Robert's brother, the ambassador, several noted pictures came from France, a M. de Merville being a vendor. Also, the "Aedes" informs us that a Vandyck of the Holy Family had "belonged to the House of Orange. The Princess of Friesland, mother of the present Prince of Orange, sold it during his minority, when Sir Robert Walpole bought it." But many canvases came from English dispersed collections, such as those of the Dukes of Wharton and of Grinling Gibbons. The Kneller portrait of the latter, so admired by Horace Walpole, was not the only one from that collection. The "Aedes" tells us how the south side of the north wing—

was intended originally for a Green-houfe; but on Sir Robert Walpole's refitting his Employment, February 9, 1742, he brought down all his Pictures from *Downing Street House*, which belongs always to the First Lord of the Treasury; and the year following this Room was fitted up for them.

He describes it as 73ft. long, and that he, Horace, had brought home from Italy for the ceiling a "Design of Serlio's in the Inner Library of St. Marks at Venice." Among the pictures he enumerates two canvases over thirteen feet wide of classic subjects that had belonged to "Gibbins the Carver." This wing was burnt out a century or more ago and, therefore, none of the old get-up, with its walls "all hung with Norwich Damask," remains.

On his nephew's death in 1791 Horace Walpole became fourth Earl of Orford and owner of Houghton. An old man of seventy-four, very set in his social and literary tastes and in his love for his "gothick" house of "Strawberry," he could not bring himself to take his seat in the Lords or to live at his father's derelict palace. It saw some little restoration of its glories when he died in 1797 and was succeeded by his sister's grandson, the fourth Earl of Cholmondeley. His ancestors had derived their surname from that Cheshire manor in early Plantagenet times. Hugh Cholmondeley, already an Irish Viscount, aiding in the revolution which placed William and Mary on the throne, was given the English barony of Cholmondeley of Nantwich in 1689. In 1706 he was raised to an earldom with remainder to his brother, who had commanded the Guards at the battle of the Boyne. It was the latter's son George who married Mary Walpole in 1723 and became third earl in 1733. His son died before him, and so it was his grandson who succeeded in 1770 to the earldom and Cheshire estates and came into Houghton in 1797. Six years earlier he had married a daughter of the third Duke of Ancaster, and it is her mother whose portrait by Reynolds we have noted in the marble parlour. The fourth Earl of Cholmondeley was a friend of the Prince Regent, who presented him with the figured silk in the white drawing-room and appointed him Lord Steward in 1812. Two years later, in the short interval

between the Peace of 1814 and the Waterloo Campaign, he entertained at Houghton the Duke of Wellington, who slept in the green velvet bed. In the following year the earl became a marquess, the second title being that of Earl of RockSavage, the correct but curious spelling of which place name has escaped both Burke and Debrett.

But, although the first marquess occasionally entertained at Houghton, Cheshire was his home, and when the question arose of what house and estate should be bought for the Duke of Wellington and presented by the nation, he suggested Houghton. It was not chosen, and, though often let, has continued in the Walpole blood, the present, or fourth marquess having handed it over to his son, the Earl of RockSavage, who in 1913 married Miss Sybil Sassoon.

The excellence and fine craftsmanship of fabric, decorations and furniture are proved by their survival uninjured through the third Earl of Orford's "devastation" and the periods of vacancy or tenancy in more recent times. Now all smiles once more. Reparations, which in no way interfere with the spirit of the past, make Houghton once more the splendid house where Sir Robert entertained during the later years of his great ministry.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT IN POULTRY KEEPING CAN IT SUCCEED?

AFEW salient facts about the new experiment in which Mr. F. G. Paynter is engaged will interest our poultry-keeping readers. Space compels us to select only the most interesting facts, but any further information which is required will be given if letters are sent here addressed to the Editor, Poultry Department. The figures between now and May will either justify or condemn the experiment. The proposition is that with a capital of £1,500 a poultry-keeper should be able to earn an income of from £500 to £1,000 per annum. In poultry-keeping the beginning is all expenditure. It is not till the rearing is well over that the income may be expected to grow; or to put the same thing in other words, the adverse balance begins to shrink. It was so in this case until November 30th, when the figures very nearly balanced, there being about £5 difference on the wrong side between income and expenditure. Now the tide has turned. We propose to publish the results weekly so as to show the result of the experiment. For purposes of comparison we start with the financial statement:

### FINANCIAL STATEMENT UP TO NOVEMBER 30TH, 1920.

PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.	RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
Food bought ..	818	5	4	746 cockerels sold for killing	282	17	2
Stock birds bought	76	5	0	at 7s. 7d. each ..	117	18	4
Wages paid for	95	17	0	6,869 eggs at 4.12d. ..	30	15	0
feeding ..	20	15	5	Stock birds sold off for	62	5	1
Paraffin oil ..	25	6	7	Value of food in stock on	7	10	0
Eggs bought ..	4	3	11	November 30th ..	15	6	0
Grit ..	1	4	0	Cocks in stock ..	48	13	0
Peat moss ..				51 cockerels which will be sold	0	15	4
				off during the next two			
				weeks, taken as being now			
				worth 6s. each ..			
				7 young cockerels for stock.			
				930 pullets. 937 at 11s. 1½d.	521	4	1½
	£1,041	17	3		£1,037	15	8½
					£4	1s.	6½d. deficit.

This should be compared with the first weekly return we publish, that for the week ending January 15th.

### STATEMENT FOR WEEK ENDING JANUARY 15TH, 1921.

Capital, £1,500.	Land, three acres.	Birds in stock, 981.	
1,820lb. of food eaten, cost ..	..	..	£ s. d.
Time paid out for feeding, etc. ..	..	..	19 10 7
Advertising ..	..	..	2 15 2
Carriage on eggs ..	..	..	1 0 0
Rent ..	..	..	1 0 5
Depreciation on plant ..	..	..	0 10 0
For deaths and depreciation of birds ..	..	..	1 0 0
			26 16 2
1,652 eggs sold for ..	..	..	48 13 0
Three chickens sold for ..	..	..	0 15 4
			49 8 4
Receipts ..	..	..	49 8 4
Expenses ..	..	..	26 16 2
Balance ..	..	..	£22 12 2

## THE MUSE IN HOMESPUN\*

**M**R. CHARLES MURRAY in his far-away South African home lets his thoughts travel across the sea to the foot of Bennachie and rhymes as naturally in his native dialect as though he had never left the scenes of his childhood. His poetry is the right stuff, compact of humour, wit and imagination, but the *patois* of Aberdeen is, to the south country Englishman, the most difficult spoken in this island. The use of "f" for "wh" is simple when you know it, but it gives the line an unccuth air.

The fusslin' halflin's hingin' in an' tittin' at the reyns  
To gar the stot straucht up the theats mair aiven wi' the mear.

There is a pause before one remembers that the "fusslin' halflin" is our old friend the whistling ploughboy. Yet the verse is true gold and well worth digging for. What a truthful and homely picture of the schoolboy's walk to school is given in the opening poem!

The fite-fusked cat wi' her tail in the air  
Convoyed him as far as the barn,  
Syne, munchin' his pie, he set aff by his leen,  
Tho' nae very willin', I'se warn'.  
The cairt road was dubby, the track throu' the wid,  
Altho' maybe langer was best,  
But when loupin' the dyke a steen-chackert flew oot,  
An' he huntit a fyle for her nest.  
Syne he cloddit wi' yowies a squirrel he saw  
Teetin' roon fae the back o' a tree,  
An' jinkit the "Gamie," oot teeming his girns—  
A ragie aul' billie was he.  
A' this was a hinner; an' up the moss side  
He ran noo at siccan a rate  
That he fell i' the heather an' barkit his shins,  
Sae it wasna his wyte he was late.

Like his prototype Burns, Charles Murray sings "the loves, the ways of simple swains," the only unsophisticated class left in the country. It has always been the way of English poetry. As society tends to become more artificial the more it is refined and cultivated, so the poetry, becomes elaborate and artificial. A Chaucer mocks at the metrical romances of his day in "Sir Thopas" and delights in the actual people whom he knew, Millers and Reeves and Clerks, the Wife of Bath, the Plowman, Haberdasher and Carpenter. Wherever lay the foundations of his story he presents them bathed in the English atmosphere with which he is most familiar. Shakespeare, among other things, was the muscular realist of his day. Burns represents a return to nature from the conceits and artificialities of the eighteenth century. Scott's love of the simple grand old ballads followed a right instinct.

Simply because Mr. Murray is performing the same function as the great poets mentioned it would be stupid to attempt to allot his place among them. Posterity must do that in the long run. It is enough for the critic of to-day to point out that he, Mrs. Violet Jacob, and the school to which they belong, are showing the way back to nature. Mr. Murray will never lose the reputation of being an absolutely sincere poet. He places before the reader human nature as he has found it.

His is not exactly a lyrical faculty. The pieces in this book would be more properly described as poems than songs. If he has a fault it lies in doing too much for the reader, emptying the whole pailful of his ideas instead of being content to give the significant touch, the algebraic symbol that stimulates thought and imagination in the reader. His taste is not immaculate: if it were, he would not be a distinguished Scottish poet, for the same could be said of the entire race from Dunbar to Burns. Occasionally he makes the mistake of attempting in the Doric what has been done better without it. The most striking example of that is "Heraclitus":

They taul' me, Heraclitus, that ye had worn awa';  
I grat to mind hoo aft we ca'd the crack atween the twa  
Until the hearken' n' sun gaed doon new-weary i' the Wast;  
An' noo for lang ye're in the mools, whaur a' maun lie at last.  
Still, still they pipe your mavis, though sair the Makkar's miss't,  
For Death that coffins a' the lave your sangs can never kist.

The reader is pulled up short if Ariel's song rings in his ear:

Court'sied when you have and kist  
(The wild waves whist.)

The word "kist" to put in a kist or coffin, grows less familiar with the lapse of time. It is not a very common usage of the word even in Scotland now, and not at all in England. At any

rate, Cory's version is much to be preferred. For the sake of comparison we print it:

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead  
They brought me bitter news to hear, and bitter tears to shed.  
I wept as I remembered how often you and I  
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest  
A handful of grey ashes, long long ago at rest  
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales awake!  
For Death he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

There is not a line in this which is not better than the corresponding line in Mr. Murray's Scottish rendering.

Murray's recollection hovers about Bennachie with a rare fondness. He makes many references to it.

In Horace Car. 1, 9:

Drift oter-deep haps Bennachie,  
Aneth its birn graens ilka tree,  
The frost-boun' burn nae mair is free  
To bicker by.

Again in Lythe Strathdon:

Seldom a simmer passed but him an' me  
Among the hills had some fine cheery days,  
Up Nochtyside or throu' the Cabrach braes,  
Doon the Lord's Throat, an' ootower Bennachie;  
There wasna mony bare hill-heads onkent to him an' me.

This from Bennachie:

There's Tap O' Noth, the Buck, Ben Newe,  
Lonach, Benrinnes, Lochnagar,  
Mount Keen, an' mony a Carn I trow  
That's smored in mist ayont Braemar.  
Bauld Ben Muich Dhui towers, until  
Ben Nevis looms the laird o' a';  
But Bennachie! Faith, yon's the hill  
Rugs at the hairt when ye're awa'!

Finally take this culminating stanza from the same poem:

Syne on the Mither Tap sae far  
Win'-cairdit clouds drift by abeen,  
An' wast ower Keig stands Callievar  
Wi' a' the warl' to me, atween.  
There's braver mountains owre the sea,  
An' fairer haughs I've kent, but still  
The Vale o' Alford! Bennachie!  
Yon is the Howe, an' this the Hill!

One loves the effort but regrets its failure. A bit of an old song by one who was not such a good poet as Charles Murray goes directly to the heart:

I've roamed by Tweed, I've roamed by Tay  
By border Nith and Highland spey  
But dearer far to me than they  
The Braes o' Bennachie  
O gin I were where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins,  
O gin I were where Gadie rins  
At the foot o' Bennachie.

I quote from memory and a word or two may be wrong, but does not this make you also, O Reader, long to go where the Gadie rins at the foot o' Bennachie?

But when all is said, these poems are worthy of being included in "Hamewith" itself. Two little things commend themselves greatly—"Spring" and "Winter"—but "When Love Flew In" has a still greater charm:

Unsocht, unseen, when Love flew in  
An' landit there on Leebie's lap,  
Wha could believe the bairn was blin',  
His choice but just a lucky hap?

Syne tho' we ran to steek the door  
An' clip his wings, wee, wand'rin' waif,  
We'd seen furhooied maids afore,  
An' windered gin she had him safe.

Sae lest the little lass think lang,  
Herdin' him ilka nicht her leen,  
Till life be by we've thirled to gang—  
Leebie an' me wi' Love between.

P. A. G.

\* "In the Country Places," by Charles Murray. (Constable.)

### BOOKS WORTH READING.

*The Log of H.M.A. "R 34": Journey to America and Back*, by Air Commodore E. M. Maitland, C.M.G., D.S.O., A.F.C. (Hodder and Stoughton, 10s. 6d.).

*Things that have Interested Me*, by Arnold Bennett (Chatto and Windus, 9s.).

*Not Known Here*, by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.).

*Rogues and Company*, by I. A. R. Wylie (Mills and Boon, 8s. 6d.).

*Candle and Crib*, by K. F. Purdon (Fisher Unwin, 2s.).



## CORRESPONDENCE

## THE BRAMHAM HUNT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your account of the Meynell Hunt suggests to me that many readers, at least the older ones, might be interested in some verses, supposed to have been written by a lady member of the Hunt some thirty or forty years ago. I believe that they have never been printed except for private circulation; but as nearly all, if not all, those named have been long dead there can be no indiscretion now in their publication. Nearly all were old friends of mine, and, to make sure, I have altered the name in the only verse which could give offence. They begin with a eulogy of the Master, the grandfather of the present popular Master.

"Of our Fox and our Hunt let us sing;  
Our Fox of all foxes is King;  
Though the pace may be fast, he'll be in at  
the last,  
If his namesake should run in a ring.

"And there's Dolly Hombwell our colonel  
Whose language is sometimes infernal;  
He knows how to ride, but care for his hide  
Makes him cautious, that comical Colonel.

"And then there's that German Jah Wohl,  
An uncommonly kind hearty soul,  
With a flask of fine brandy oft exceedingly  
handy,  
And Havanas as long as a pole.

"The Pride of York, Robert Tussaüd,  
Whose riding is only so so;  
A forty foot brook—after dinner—he took,  
But we don't believe Robert Tussaüd.

"And then there's our friend Jumping Joe,  
Bedad he's the fellow to go;  
The fence is not made of which he's afraid,  
And that's why he's called Jumping Joe.

"There's a very good fellow named Leatham  
With Jorlocks, that good horse, beneath him;  
To slate at a drain or crash into a lane  
Is blissful delight to Gabb Leatham."

I can only remember one line of the verses about George Wickham, "Our swell friend in the Blues," and two appropriate ones about our own then M.F.H. of the York and Ainsty at that time.

"Tom Fairfax was certainly born  
To cheer hounds, and to carry the horn."

The above are written from memory of more than a generation ago, and perhaps some of your older readers may know of others.—  
J. D. JEFFERSON.

## SIR PHILIP SASSOON'S HOUSING SCHEME.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The housing scheme on the Durlocks at Folkestone for Sir Philip Sassoon not only shows what can be done, it shows also the limitations of housing schemes. The cost at £750 for each house is undoubtedly an achievement in spite of the special facilities that existed. The plans are very good, though it is a pity that in the block illustrated six bedrooms out of the nine will never get the sun, and the architects have been rather too easily satisfied with the elevations. The details have been carefully considered. In cottage building it is the inches that count. On the staircase rin. is all-important, but zins. or zins. make no appreciable difference in the living rooms. The ultimate success of these building schemes is dependent on the rather subtle point of "individuality" in the houses. A man building for himself gets it, and thereby gets a home. But one wonders whether the ordinary building scheme will survive by the houses acquiring the individuality that makes the home, or whether they will remain lifeless essays in bricks and mortar and sink into being slums of the future. The 4 per cent. return claimed on the cost of building is most misleading. The £750 is the cost of building only, without the cost of site or laying out the site. But what about depreciation, upkeep and unlet houses? To get a return as good as that on, say, the 5 per cent. War Loan to-day, not less than 10 per cent. should be obtained on altruistic housing schemes. Undoubtedly the Subsidy to the man willing to build his own house is the most businesslike and hopeful proposition at the present time.—ARTHUR C. MARTIN.

## THE CRIB AT FARM STREET.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—May I point out that Mr. Trend's article in your last issue is not quite accurate? I think Miss Mabel Solomon's name should have been mentioned, as she carried out all the dresses and accessories with the greatest care. Also, although Mr. Harker was responsible for the painting, which he did beautifully, he was not responsible for the design, which was mine. I cannot agree with Mr. Trend that "it suggests certain pictures of the Venetian school," for the dresses are Flemish. Perhaps while I am on this subject your readers may like to know that in the Middle Ages the worship of the Magi was celebrated by a little drama, called the "Feast of the Star." Three priests, clothed as kings, with their servants carrying offerings, met from different directions before the altar and led a procession, followed by a festival. In the Chronicles of Milan in 1336 there is an account of a most elaborate Epiphany Festival got up by the Preaching Friars, in which a vast concourse of people, knights, ladies and ecclesiastics took part. To render honour to the memory of the ancient Magi, who are supposed to have been kings, the monarch of this country himself, either personally or through his chamberlain, offers annually at the altar on this day gold, frankincense and myrrh.—PERCY MACQUOID.

## TRACTORS AND WIREWORMS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In connection with the growing of arable crops on ploughed up permanent grass

land, or following seed leys, one often hears complaints of ravages caused by wire worm. It will be found that where a light weight farm tractor is available for doing cultivation work during spells of suitable weather, a crop rotation can be used which, so far as my experience goes, practically eliminates all wire worm troubles. If the rotation allows of ploughing for autumn grain about midsummer, the wire worm is taken at a great disadvantage, as at this time it is in a condition of moulting, very delicate, and easily killed, if subjected to sun or wind. Frequent stirring of the soil during suitable spells of weather not only subjects the wire worm to climatic conditions, but also aids the birds to take toll of these tasty morsels. Incidentally, the soil benefits greatly by this treatment and weeds are reduced, so the cost of the operations need not be debited against the wire worms.—E. H. ARNOTT.

## SOME BELGIAN FARMS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Some of the old farms near Brussels are not only picturesque, but architecturally and historically interesting. Here are pictures of two particularly fine ones little known to the hurried tourist. One is the beautiful old farm close by the often-restored castle of Gaesbeck, where, before the French Revolution, courts were held in the name of its lord. Moriensart, with its large square tower, is an interesting specimen of the military architecture of the Middle Ages. The tower, with the exception of the top storey, which was added later, dates from the thirteenth century.—C. A. KOMAROWSKY.



THE OLD COURT HOUSE OF GAESBECK.



MORIENSART WITH ITS THIRTEENTH CENTURY TOWER.

AN UNCONSCIOUS THIEF.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A curious incident was told me the other day. A lady who was a great invalid lived in a large house in Ireland. She was in the habit of having food left on a little table by her bedside in case she was hungry during the night. She always wore a very handsome diamond ring. One night, as was her custom, she took off her ring, placing it on the little table by her bedside. The next morning when she awoke the ring had vanished. It was vainly searched for, servants were questioned and even dismissed, but no trace of the ring could be found. After some years the lady died and the house passed to another family who lived in it for many years, after which it again changed owners. The new owners found a board rotting in the room formerly occupied by the invalid lady, and a carpenter was sent for to renew the board in the floor. When it was removed, underneath it was found a skeleton of a mouse encircled with the long-lost diamond ring. The descendants of the invalid lady were traced and the ring restored to them.—G. WELBURN.

PLANTS FOR PAVED WALKS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I shall be infinitely obliged if you could spare a little space to advise me as to what flowers are best to plant in a paved or cobbled walk. Should I sow seeds or put in roots, and would this be the right time of the year to undertake the work? I am anxious for my paved path to be beautiful next summer.—MARY ROSE.

[On that part of the path which receives the most wear it is advisable to plant low-growing thyme and pennyroyal. These plants are deliciously scented, and their odour is given off as one passes to and fro along the walk. Another plant that looks extremely well is the creeping sandwort or *Arenaria*. It is particularly effective in shady walks, running like a green film between the stones and spreading over the surface of the paving. The mowing over of stone edgings and interstices of paving should be encouraged, as this imparts a venerable appearance and an atmosphere of restfulness, desirable attributes to the paved garden. In those portions of the path where there is less wear such plants as *Kenilworth ivy* (*Linaria cymbalaria*), *Erinus alpinus*, *Campanula pusilla* and its beautiful variety *Miss Willmott*, with flowers like silvery blue bells, may be used. Care must, however, be taken to avoid overplanting. Many alpine plants will be found to seed between the joints of the paving, and no planting is ever so happy as when the plants are allowed to seed at their own free will. At the same time it cannot be too often insisted that paving is primarily intended to walk upon. Indiscriminate planting of taller-growing alpine and other flowers over pathways should be discouraged. It is not a pleasant thing to have to pick one's way between tussocks of sea pinks and violas with occasional clumps of phloxes and gardeners' garters waist high, yet this exactly represents some of the best known instances of the modern paved garden in this country. In favoured gardens where gentians thrive those plants may be tried in the paved walks. We have seen them flowering well in these circumstances, and the more the plants were trodden under foot the better they appeared to flower. In

presenting the following list it will be observed that some plants are best raised from seed and others by division of the roots. Seed is best sown in March, and the division may be carried out practically the whole year round, though autumn and spring are the best seasons for dividing and planting these alpine.

LOW-GROWING PLANTS FOR STONE STEPS AND PAVED GARDEN.

Name.	Aspect.	Method of Increase.
<i>Thymus Serpyllum</i> (wild thyme)	Sunny	Division.
<i>Thymus Serpyllum coccineum</i>	Sunny	Division.
<i>Thymus Serpyllum lanuginosus</i>	Sunny	Division.
<i>Mentha Pulegium</i> (penny-royal)	Half-shade	Division.
<i>Mentha Requeint</i>	Half-shade	Division.
<i>Dianthus microlepis</i>	Full sun	Seed and division.
<i>Achillea umbellata</i>	Sunny	Division.
<i>Arenaria batarica</i> (creeping sandwort)	Partial shade	Transplant from pots.
<i>Campanula muralis</i> (wall campanula)	Sunny	Division.
<i>Campanula pusilla</i> and <i>alba</i>	Half-shade	Cuttings.
<i>Campanula pusilla</i> Miss Willmott	Half-shade & full sun	Cuttings.
<i>Gentiana verna</i>	Partial shade	Seed.
<i>Helxine Sollerhoffii</i>	Sun and shade	Division.
<i>Linaria Cymbalaria</i> ( <i>Kenilworth ivy</i> )	Sunny	Seed.
<i>Linaria pilosa</i>	Sunny	Seed.
<i>Myosotis rupicola</i>	Partial shade	Seed.
<i>Saxifraga Aizoon</i>	Sunny	Seed and division.
<i>Saxifraga muscoides</i> (mossy saxifrage)	Open and partial shade	Division & cuttings.
<i>Sedum hispanicum</i> glaucum	Sunny	Seed.
<i>Sedum corsicum</i>	Sunny	Seed.
<i>Erinus alpinus</i> and <i>albus</i>	Sun & shade	Seed.
<i>Aubrietia taurica</i>	Open	Seed and cuttings.

ED.]

BRITISH SHOVELLER DUCKS IN HOLLAND AND DENMARK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As shown by birds marked in Holland and Denmark, many of the surface-feeding ducks, notably teal, migrate almost due west for their winter quarters, many wintering in Ireland, as shown by the recovery of ringed birds. Such being the case, it may be of interest to mention a record of a surface-feeding duck, the shoveller, which went due east to winter in Holland. It was marked as a nestling at Southport, Lancashire, with a *British Birds* ring, No. 37070, on the last day of May, 1917, and recaptured in a duck-decoy at Overijssel, Holland, on January 15th, 1920. A normal migration is shown by an adult shoveller marked at Tamworth, Warwickshire, on January 19, 1915, with a *British Birds* ring, No. 36718, which was recovered near Lögstor, Jutland, Denmark, on August 7th, 1920.—H. W. ROBINSON.

GULLS IN HARD WEATHER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—This photograph may be of interest to you. It is only during hard weather that gulls are usually seen inland in any great quantity. I enclose a photograph of two gulls who used to visit this old lady many miles inland and be fed with the other pets. These two were regular visitors, but the old lady says it is a sure sign of bad weather when strangers appear. When too much notice was taken of the gulls, the old dog would sit and sulk against his mistress as if he was not wanted and put on a very unhappy expression, thinking, no doubt, that charity should begin at home.—C. M. BALLARD.

NEW ZEALAND FISHERMEN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Seeing in your edition of December 11th, 1920, a photograph of a pike, I thought perhaps the enclosed photographs of New Zealand fishing by rod for shark and kingfish might interest your readers. Two of the men are



PLAYING A KINGFISH.



TWO SHARKS AND THEIR CONQUEROR.

my sons, who are sheep farmers. The shark on the left hand side of the first photograph weighed 180lb., that on the right 280lb. The man nearest the camera is our boatman, a half-caste. In the photograph of one of my sons playing a kingfish you may notice the strap and bucket for the rod end.—JOHN HOLDSWORTH.

A TRAGEDY OF GREED.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—May I suggest that the illustration in *COUNTRY LIFE* of a bird killed while trying to swallow a water-vole represents, is not a crane, but a heron, which by many country people is still known as a crane?—H.

PECULIARITIES OF MISTLETOE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A *propos* of the interesting letters you have lately published as to mistletoe, few people seem to know that at Hampton Court Gardens there is the most remarkable show of mistletoe to be seen near London. Both in the garden in front of the Palace and along the Chestnut Avenue the elm trees have literally enormous bunches of it in their upper branches. It is, of course, inaccessible, but at this time of the year when the leaves are off the trees it is very noticeable. Of course, birds are primarily responsible for its being seeded. Elm trees are not mentioned by "H. C." as being one of the trees on which it will grow, and it would be interesting to know if it occurs in other parts of the country than at Hampton Court on these trees. I do not think even Mr. Ernest Law, the great authority on Hampton Court and its gardens, mentions the mistletoe there in any of his writings. If the Hampton Court mistletoe were to be accessible it would provide a lot for the home market!—H. E.



CHARITY SHOULD BEGIN AT HOME.



## THE ESTATE MARKET

# FIRST SALES OF THE YEAR

**W**OULD-BE buyers of landed properties have had very little in the way of auctions to distract them from making private offers during the last week or two. A certain amount of private negotiation has been going on, without, however, in most instances, arrival as yet at the point at which contracts can be signed. The first auctions of the year are about to be held, one of them to-day at Taunton, where Edgcott House and 158 acres are to be submitted by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, on behalf of the late Major Morland J. Greig's trustees. No more need be said of the sporting qualities of Edgcott than to mention that it is on the Exe, in the Dulverton and Minehead district, and therefore unequalled for fishing, as well as for stag and fox hunting. The house is a modern one, with garage, and, failing a sale as a whole, it will form the first lot with 11 acres; there are four other lots, among them the farm of 8½ acres.

Copleigh, Burgh Heath, recently submitted by auction by Messrs. Knight Frank and Rutley, has now been sold.

### EAST KENT ESTATES.

**ON** February 5th Messrs. Knight Frank and Rutley offer, at Canterbury, the Howletts estate, three miles from the city, comprising 333 acres, of which 20 acres are fruit and 34 acres hops. The farm grows the finest quality of East Kent hops, and it has modern oasts for drying them. The main lot extends to 153 acres, and the rest is divided into ten small-holdings, suitable for fruit-growing or poultry-farming, most of them having houses or cottages, and all being available with vacant possession. On the property are the remains of "Well Chapel," for the chantry of which the Abbot of St. Augustine's granted a licence, in 1224, to Reginald de Cornhill and Matilda de Lukedale. Howletts was originally an inheritance of the Isaac family, and, in the seventeenth century, it passed into the possession of Sir Henry Palmer, Comptroller of the Royal Navy. As a sporting property Howletts has attractions, including snipe and wildfowl shooting; and for meets of the East Kent Foxhounds, and the golf at Sandwich, the property is most conveniently situated. Howletts is the neighbouring property to Bifrons, and it is within a few miles of Godmersham Park and Eastwell Park, both now in the market.

Bifrons, 2,600 outlying acres of which Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are to sell for the trustees of the will of the Marquess Conyngham, takes its name from the double-fronted mansion at Patricxbourne, built in the seventeenth century for John Bargrave. The farms are in and near the Isle of Thanet, and one small-holding is in Bekesbourne, which is a "limb" of Hastings, and, as such, within the jurisdiction of the Cinque Ports.

### LORD LONDESBOROUGH'S LAND.

**L**ORD LONDESBOROUGH has decided to dispose of 6,700 acres of the outlying portions of the Londesborough estates in the East Riding of Yorkshire. The sale, which will include about a score of very large farms, has been entrusted to Messrs. Drivers, Jonas and Co., and the present intention is to bring the land under the hammer early in March. The same firm is dealing with the remaining portions of the Cust estates in Lincolnshire, where they have handled one of the largest areas of agricultural land dealt with during the past year. Many square miles have been sold.

Roundly a thousand acres of the Brandon Park estate, fifteen miles from Bury St. Edmunds, have changed hands in private negotiation, and the mansion and remaining portions of the estate are now to be sold by Messrs. Lacy Scott and Sons, in conjunction with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

Acting on instructions from the trustees of the Cadogan estates, the former firm is selling a large range of glass houses, "surplus to the requirements of the Culford gardens." On the whole this seems better than blowing them up or down, as was recently done on another famous estate, for the splintered glass is apt to do damage, in fact, if we remember aright, Lord Hartington himself had a narrow escape

on that occasion. At the present price of glass it pays, so we are assured by one of the largest auctioneers of horticultural stock, to take down vineries and other houses and remove the glass for sale for use in dwellings.

### SALES BY PRIVATE TREATY.

**S**OME of the holdings on the Cowarne Court estate, near Bromyard, have been sold to the tenants. The house and remaining land will be offered in March by Messrs. Parsons, Clark and Bodin.

Bacombe, near Wendover, Mr. A. A. Hudson's house, is for sale. It adjoins Chequers, the Prime Minister's country house.

The Severn-side estate of Sir Edmund Lechmere, known as The Rhydd or Rhydd Court in Worcestershire, has been sold by Messrs. Mabbett and Edge. It stands in the midst of a finely timbered park at Upton-on-Severn, and there is a private chapel.

One of the delightfully situated small properties in the heart of the New Forest, Park Hill, Lyndhurst, a freehold of 40 acres, with a nice house, has been sold by Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker. Forthcoming sales by the same firm include Linkenholt Manor, near Andover, a mansion of moderate dimensions, with just over 1,200 acres; and that excellent farming and sporting property West Tisted, near Ropley and Alton, about 2,250 acres. The trout fishing is a prime attraction of The Manor Farm, Nether Wallop, near Stockbridge, a modern house with 480 acres.

Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock sold the residential property known as Iverley House, Rugby, which was withdrawn from auction a few weeks ago at £4,500.

Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co., have sold a farm of 56 acres, and 163 acres of meadow near Gloucester, for a total of £12,210, some of the land making £80 an acre.

### FIRST AUCTIONS OF THE YEAR.

**N**ORTH DEVON property, known as Sanfield, Braunton, will be submitted at Barnstaple on Friday next by Mr. John Smale in eight lots. Preliminary announcements are made of the auctions of a number of landed estates by Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard, and the illustration of the mansion and grounds of Monks Orchard (in the Supplement of COUNTRY LIFE) serves as a reminder that a good deal of that practically suburban estate is still awaiting acceptable offers. Its building value in the immediate future makes the property a promising one for any purchaser who cares to occupy it in the meanwhile. Messrs. Hooker and Rogers are acting in conjunction with the Charles Street firm in regard to Monks Orchard.

Next Tuesday has been appointed by Messrs. Golbie and Green as the date for offering Aspenden Lodge, Buntingford, an old-fashioned house in beautiful grounds of 6 acres. A hants property of 10 acres, known as Broxton Court, Chibolton, is coming under the hammer of Messrs. Constable and Maude on February 2nd at an upset price of £4,000. Myskyns, 23 acres, at Ticehurst, will be submitted on the same date. Messrs. Norfolk and Prior's offers include an exquisite half-timbered Elizabethan farmhouse in Essex at £4,000, with old-world gardens.

Hilston Park, a Wye Valley domain of 3,372 acres, is to be brought to auction, failing a private sale, by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., whose contemplated auctions also include the Argyllshire estate of Ghiga, 3,460 acres. Another noble estate in the Wye Valley district is Maesllwch Castle, to be let, with 11,000 acres of sportings, by Messrs. Trollope.

Baynards Park, Surrey, the grand old Tudor mansion with associations dating to the time of William the Conqueror, is again in the market. The estate comprises over 1,500 acres. Messrs. Mabbett and Edge have been appointed sole agents.

### "TO MARY, IN HEAVEN."

**T**HE exquisite lyric, "To Mary, in Heaven," has enshrined for all time the memory of that "modest, gentle Highland maiden, with sweet blue eyes, and warm kind heart," the dairymaid at Coilsfield, who was betrothed to Robert Burns. The Bible which Burns gave her, in exchange for her own, is still preserved. Long afterwards, when the receipt of £500 for the Edinburgh edition of his poems had

enabled him to take Ellisland Farm on the banks of the Nith, Burns wrote of Mary the poem already mentioned, and he also, while at Ellisland, made the only reparation he could to Jean Armour privately marrying her in 1788. The Dumfriesshire holding has been sold to Mr. George Williamson, of Edinburgh, for £4,500. The purchaser will not find, as Burns did, that "the farm proved a ruinous speculation."

The reference to Barnbarroch estate among Messrs. Castiglione and Scott's transactions of last year should be amplified by the statement that only some outlying farms have been sold.

In view of the persistency of the rumour that Mr. Gordon Selfridge had purchased Lansdowne House, he has found it necessary this week to circulate an emphatic denial. The report has not, of course, appeared in COUNTRY LIFE.

Speaking of Lansdowne House reminds us that a very timely proposal has been made by Mr. H. B. Henson, regarding the passage which runs at the back of the grounds of that mansion and of Devonshire House, connecting Curzon Street and Berkeley Street. He suggests that it should be taken over by the London County Council and enough land on either side purchased to permit the construction of a first class street instead of the narrow and objectionable little right of way now in existence. That such a road, if it were formed, would be a great public benefit and a great advantage also in the development of both Devonshire House and, in due time, also probably, Lansdowne House, is undoubted. The passage is reached by a flight of steps from Berkeley Street, and is bounded by a high wall on both sides, and it cuts diagonally across the rectangular plot formed by the Piccadilly mansion and Lansdowne House.

### HOLLAND PARK.

**R**UMOUR was recently for a day or two very free with references to Holland House. Inquiries by us on that occasion showed, on the authority of Lady Ilchester herself, that the suggestion was absolutely baseless. Since then a new line of possibilities in regard to the historic estate in Kensington has cropped up, consequent on the advocacy in certain quarters of the acquisition of some of the land in the Park as a site for the headquarters of the University of London. The list of suggested properties for that purpose is becoming a long one, and the decision of the Senate of the University at its last meeting before the recess to adopt the Government's offer of 10 acres or so behind the British Museum has not prevented well wishers of the University from still further extending the list, as shown by the new advocacy of Holland Park as a site. It is believed that the London County Council, which has a strong voice in the matter, as contributing a large sum towards the realisation of the project for rebuilding the University, has upon it a powerful party in favour of the selection of Holland Park as the site, or at all events antagonistic to the idea of spending a large sum on the Bloomsbury property.

Lady Ilchester has definitely promised, as tenant-for-life under the will of the late Lord Ilchester, to give the most favourable consideration to any proposal to place the University on part of the Holland Park land. She stipulates, of course, that the amenities of Holland House must be strictly safeguarded. A portion of the south frontage of the park has been in the market for some time for building purposes, but no part of the northern portion has been in question, nor, says her ladyship, would it be now but that the contemplated use is for an important public service, namely, the provision of a proper site for London's University centre. It is an area of about 25 acres to 35 acres that would be at the disposition of the authorities if Holland Park were regarded as suitable, and the contingency of the future extension of the scheme could be provided for by the earmarking of about 25 acres additional thereto. The agents of Lady Ilchester are Messrs. Drivers, Jonas and Co., and the price is believed to compare most advantageously with that at which the Bloomsbury land has been available. A great deal of negotiation of one sort and another is going on about the University's suggested sites, and the discussion is by no means over.

ARBITER.

# THE FOALING SEASON OF 1920

PRODUCE OF FAMOUS MARES.

FROM a breeding point of view it must obviously be of special interest to know something about the thoroughbred foals of 1920, what well known mares bred, and to note the productiveness of leading sires. I have before me as I write the interesting unofficial foal list compiled by *Horse and Hound*, and I find it most enlightening to glance through a list which conveys a lot to anyone well acquainted with the names of those sires and such mares as have already earned a considerable reputation. It also has its pathetic side as showing how the lesser known sires, or those that have not made good, appear to suffer from studied neglect. That neglect may arise from prejudice or actual failure. Whatever the cause, the result is rather sad for those intimately associated with their fortunes or misfortunes.

I propose taking stock of the foal list in the alphabetical order of the sires. Thus it is to be noted that Argos, a Sundridge horse that won the Middle Park Plate, makes an excellent showing for one that is not really well known to English breeders. The horse stands in Ireland, and he has had the mares, Tinkling Sound (dam of Bell Metal) and Captive Princess, a smart performer in Ireland. Bachelor's Double is one of the most fashionable sires of the day. Last year, for instance, eighteen of his yearlings brought 32,060 guineas, representing an average of 1,781 guineas. No wonder he booms so greatly! I see he has had a colt from Star of Eve, dam of Western Wave and others, and a filly from Queen of Earth, the dam of the unbeaten Leighton, one of the favourites for the Derby. The Star of Eve yearling of last year fetched 3,100 guineas. Beppo, the sire of My Dear, has done well, though he must be a comparatively old horse. Silesia foaled to him a filly, and thus the new arrival is a full sister to My Dear, winner of a New Oaks and a Liverpool Cup.

Black Jester has still to make good, but no one can say he is not being given a fine chance to do so. His able owner, Mr. J. B. Joel, would see to that. He has a fine list of foals in 1920, including fillies from Lauda, the dam of Thunderer, Daphne and Spiral Spin, and from Hello, the dam of Telephone Girl. He has also colts from Permia, Perseverance II, Bright, Beguine and Fair Lassie, all good mares. Lord Astor's Blink comes into the list as a sire for the first time. Four colts and nine fillies are credited to him. Bridge of Earn had a productive year with thirteen colts and fifteen fillies. Charles O'Malley is a leader in the sire's table and last year distinguished himself with his daughters Charlebelle (winner of the Oaks) and Pharmacie (winner of eight races and unbeaten). Among the mares that have bred colts to him are Hackler's Pride from the Sledmere Stud and Goura (dam of the smart sprinter, Orby's Pride). Cicero, who won the Derby for Lord Rosebery seventeen years ago, has not had much of a season, though Queenlet, the dam of Cylette, produced a filly. Clarissimus looks like making a mark at the Welbeck Stud. This winner of the Two Thousand Guineas sired eight colts, one being from the dam of the Jockey Club Stakes winner, Torelore, and another from a New Oaks winner in Lord Astor's Sunny Jane. There were also half a dozen fillies.

The loss of Corcyra was a most serious one for Lord Londonderry. We are reminded of it by his fine list of foals, there being sixteen colts and the same number of fillies. The Sledmere Stud's Lady Josephine produced a filly to him. Last year her yearling filly by Son-in-Law made 3,000 guineas. Such as Diadumenos, Feather Bed and Flying Orb have done well. They are all producing fair winners. Flying Orb had a colt foal from the brilliantly speedy Americus Girl, and a filly from Donetta, the dam of Diadem, who is by Orby. As Flying Orb is by Orby the filly foal is almost a full sister in blood to Diadem. The first foals of that brilliant New Derby winner, Gay Crusader, appeared in 1920. Of course he would not be given too many mares in his first season. There were seven colts, of which one from Mary Mona died of pneumonia. There were seven fillies, including one from Lady Hasty, the dam of Gay Lord, and another from Barrier, the dam of Lord Durham's smart Barrulet.

Golden Sun, a handsome son of Sundridge at Mr. Robert Whitworth's stud in Yorkshire, has an excellent record with eight colts and sixteen fillies. Great Sport, one of the National Stud sires, is credited with fifteen colts and twelve fillies. He had a One Thousand Guineas winner in Lord Derby's Canyon, with a colt; Crucible (the dam of the champion hurdler White Heat) had a filly, as also had Rappel, the dam of the Cesarewitch winner Furor and the Lincolnshire Handicap winner Furious. I am glad to note that Lord Jersey's horse Greenback had a really good season, for he is credited with eleven colts and twelve fillies. Among his mares to produce colts were Prescription (the dam of Pharmacie) and Cascatella (the dam of Strathleven). Both those mares have therefore changed the sex of their produce. Grosvenor, a son of that famous mare Sceptre, is a distinctly productive sire, and Hapsburg was obviously given an excellent chance in 1919, for his mares did well a year later. Harry of Hereford has been anything but a failure, and of course Sir James Buchanan saw to it that his fine horse Hurry On should be given every chance. He had foals from some well known mares, including fillies from Verve and Dona Sol.

Prominent among sires that are standing in Ireland and are getting winners is Juggernaut, by St. Simon. He is at Sir William Nelson's stud, and among his foals is one from Tzigane, the dam of Lampetia. Junior, who was a high-class handicapper horse, has done specially well with twenty colts and eleven fillies. Of the mares that went to Lemberg there was a colt from Rosedrop, which won the Oaks in the same year (1910) as the sire won the Derby. Here is one, therefore, bred to race! Lemberg also had a filly from Gay Laura, the dam of Gay Crusader. This valuable young lady belongs to Mr. A. R. Cox, the fortunate owner of those horses. Light Brigade, by Pictou, had a good year in every sense; and Lomond, a prominent Desmond sire in Ireland, showed a flattering foal average. Louvois had not a good foaling season owing to physical troubles in 1919, but he is all right again and will certainly do well in future. Lord Derby's Phalaris was given some winner-producing mares, and he has ten colts to his credit, one being from the One Thousand Guineas winner Ferry, while there were half a dozen fillies.

Gallant old Polymelus was credited with thirteen colts and five fillies, one of the latter being from Mr. J. B. Joel's Oaks winner, Princess Dorrie. A colt is from Joie de Vivre, the dam of Alan Breck, which is doing remarkably well from two to three years of age. Pommern, which is also one of the Maiden Erlegh Stud sires, is absolutely certain to make a big name for himself. He has a grand foal average for so young a sire, there being in 1920 no fewer than seventeen colts and eight fillies. One of the colts is from Santa Fina, the dam of Galloper Light. Fillies are from well known mares, including Forest Lassie, Osyrus and Silver Tag, the latter being the mare that won the Cambridgeshire under a big weight for a three year old. Roi Herode, the sire of the Tetrarch, is naturally doing well, and I notice that he had ten living colt foals and seventeen fillies. One of the colts was from Grania, whose full yearling brother last year made 7,500 guineas. An own brother to the filly from Santee made 4,500 guineas as a yearling, the buyer in the latter case being Mr. James White.

Sir Abe Bailey has good reason to be satisfied with the stud progress of his Cesarewitch winner, Son in Law. He is credited with fifteen colt foals and twenty living filly foals. A filly foal to die was the one from Salamandra, which, in December, made the record sum of 16,500 guineas as a brood mare in foal to the Tetrarch.

I see that Lord Derby's Stedfast and Sir E. Hulton's Stornoway did well. One of his sixteen filly foals was from Silver Fowl, the dam of Silver Tag and the New Derby and New Oaks winner, Fifiella. The latter produced a filly foal to Swynford, which, I may add, had fourteen living colt foals and a dozen fillies. The great Pretty Polly produced a colt to him, as did Lord Astor's mare, Good and Gay; while among the dams of fillies were Ayrslave, dam of the Cesarewitch winner, Air Raid, and Marchetta, dam of Lord Derby's March Along. Then, the Tetrarch had a far better year than in 1919. He is credited with nine colts and fourteen fillies. Among the former is a chestnut from the Oaks winner Jest, and among the fillies are a full sister to Prince Galahad from Decagone; a full sister to Sarchedon from Perfect Peach; and a half sister to Monarch from Teofani. I notice that Scotch Gift, the dam of Tetratema, produced dead twins to the Tetrarch or Rising Glass. Tracery, now in the Argentine, had twelve colts and eleven fillies. Of the former there is one from the 1912 Derby winner, Tagalie, which died soon after foaling; another from Ascenseur, the dam of La Voiture, and a full brother to The Panther from the National Stud's Countess Zia. The fillies include one from Blue Tit, the dam of yearlings that in successive years made 11,500 guineas and 14,500 guineas respectively. Another is from Honora, whose yearling last September made 9,600 guineas, while one is from the One Thousand Guineas' winner, Vauchuse. The National Stud sire, White Eagle, produced a filly to Snoot, the dam of the St. Leger winner, Caligula, and others that had good seasons as regards produce were Young Pegasus and Zria, the latter being now dead. And though I come to deal with him last, Mr. J. B. Joel's great sire, Sunstar, is beyond question the leader as regards the extraordinary number of his foals, not only this year, but every year. It must not be forgotten, too, that he was second on the list last year, largely as the result of the bad luck experienced with his distinguished sons, Buchan and Galloper Light. According to the unofficial list, Sunstar had no fewer than twenty-eight colts and twenty-four fillies (one since dead) in 1920. The horse gains this remarkable average through sureness with his mares rather than any abuse of his physical powers. We may be sure that his owner, who naturally prizes him, would not permit anything of that kind. The truth is that a few horses will get mares in foal with far less effort than the many. He had colts last season from Hamoaze, the dam of Buchan, and Sir Robert Jardine's mare, Seraph (especially well suited by Sunstar); there were also fillies from Waiontha, the dam of Wimasu, and Pretty Dark, the dam of Southern. Altogether the whole list is of absorbing interest and undoubted value.

PHILIPPOS.



## A GREAT BOXING MATCH

AS an exhibition of boxing, the match between Wilde and Herman was delightful. One would have liked to have taken by the scruff of the neck some of those who still interpret pugilism as brutality and shown them to what perfection of skill two really scientific and well trained men can attain. I can only recall one other occasion worthy to rank beside this one—the fight between Jem Driscoll and Charles Ledoux—and even that was inferior in some ways, for, while Driscoll was perhaps a greater artist than either Wilde or Herman, Ledoux was the least clever of the four.

As on that other occasion, our pleasure in a memorable match was marred by the sadness of seeing an undefeated British champion "fallen from his high estate." Wilde's career has been one of the most remarkable in the annals of the game, and, with the exception of Johnny Basham, he alone of British boxers has been a champion in more than name.

At all events, Wilde was beaten by an opponent who deserved to win on his merits; it was evident from the first round that Pete Herman's great reputation was built on a more substantial foundation than the American sporting press. He, too, was a real champion, and the only criticisms that can be levelled against him are that it is regrettable that he did not conform to the conditions of the match by being within the stipulated weight at the appointed hour, and that it was necessary for the referee to caution him for hitting low. As regards the latter, I do not believe that the offence was intentional, and this was evidently the view of the referee, a sound and experienced judge of the

game, for he did nothing more than administer a formal warning.

The average spectator cares little as to whether the result affects the bantam-weight title; they were there to see a fight, and they did not go empty away.

It was considered by all who were in a position to judge that Wilde was likely to have the fight of his life when he met Herman; but when it was seen that the American was not only bigger and at least 16lb. heavier and was also a clever boxer, with an excellent punch in either hand, it was apparent that for once the Welshman had undertaken a task too heavy for even his extraordinary power of disregarding all handicaps and limitations. The little "Welsh Wizard" had to learn the lesson that is brought home to all of us sooner or later, that "not one of us is infallible—not even the youngest of us!"

After an anxious second round which sent him to his corner in a weak condition, Wilde made a wonderful recovery and fought back with indomitable courage; he secured the larger number of points in several rounds, but his blows failed to hurt his opponent seriously, and Herman always seemed to have something in reserve—personally I do not believe he was fully extended on this occasion.

That, in spite of all the odds against him, Wilde was able to stave off defeat for seventeen rounds was a remarkable performance, and his record, though broken, is by no means tarnished; he still remains the greatest boxer at his weight of this or any other age.

T.

## THE STUNTS OF A GOLF INSTRUCTOR

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

I HOPE it is not irreverent to give this heading to some remarks about an entertaining little book that I have just been reading. It is called "Intimate Golf Talks" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) and is by John Duncan Dunn, one of a famous family of Scottish professionals, with whom has collaborated Mr. Elon Jessup. Dunn has been the head instructor in a large golf school in America, and this book is the fruit of his experience. He has much to say about general principles which is perfectly sound, and if it is not entirely new, it is difficult to say anything very new about golf to-day. Some of his "stunts" are fresh, however, and I have ventured so to call them because they are in the nature of dodges, often quaint and ingenious, for attaining ends which are recognised as orthodox. Here, for example, is one which is quite new to me. After making his pupil do some "physical jerks" in the shape of a "pivoting" exercise, with his hands on his hips, Dunn wants him to discover whether he is keeping his balance in doing them. I will quote his own words: "Take a golf club or walking stick and hold one end between thumb and forefinger against your forehead. See that the lower end, which is the club head, hangs over a golf ball or some mark on the floor. Pivot to the right and then around to the left. And keep on going back and forth. Only be sure the club doesn't move while you are doing it. . . . Any sway in the club in that exercise is proof that your body is off balance." The sting of the words lies in their tail. I tried the experiment, and my club was not as still as I could have wished. "In case you raise your body," the author adds, "you may know that your stomach is out (*i.e.*, not kept in). In case you raise your body the club will swing toward you." If anybody wants to knock the conceit out of himself, I cordially recommend this exercise.

### SOME AMUSING DODGES.

Another of Dunn's devices intended to make the learner keep his head still is reminiscent of the sword of Damocles. "Tie a string to a bell and hang it from the limb of a convenient tree so that it dangles within a few inches of the top of your head at the address. On rising up you ring the bell." And here is a suggested cure for persistent topping: "Crumple up a piece of paper and lay it behind the ball. Drive the paper. You will hit the ball fair and square." For chronic heeling Dunn tells his pupil: "Go off by yourself to some corner of the links and do a little practising. Place two balls on the ground before you, these three or four inches apart. The ball nearest to you is the one you intend to play. Proceed to drive it down the course without taking into account the other ball. If there is any great amount of centrifugal force generated in your down swing, what really happens is that you hit both balls at once." A somewhat similar manoeuvre is suggested for those who are not getting through properly with their iron clubs. "Lay two balls on the ground, a few inches apart, both in the line of flight. Then take up your mashie and make up your mind to send both balls down the course on the same shot." It should be added, perhaps, that in this case the balls are one in front of the other and not side by side. I have not had the chance of trying these

dodges yet. They are not "parlour tricks," and I might break the windows; but I am looking forward to that mashie shot with two balls. Meanwhile I have been considerably entertained by reading about them.

### A LADIES' KNICKERBOCKER CLUB.

A *propos* of golf in America, the January number of the *American Golf Illustrated* has some interesting pictures of the members of the "Knickerbocker Club." These are ladies in Washington who have founded a club with the object, as the president says, of "woman . . . adopting the proper dress for the sport in which she is engaged." This lady is very much in earnest, and for some two pages reiterates the soundest and most utterly unimpeachable arguments for the adoption of more sensible clothes. There is one that is really conclusive. "I succeeded," she says, "in driving to within six feet of the pin on a 225 yard hole and putting out in another stroke when wearing knickerbockers. So to all women I say: do it now, get your suit, put it on, join the movement and improve your game." If any one of us, whatever our sex, could drive so long a distance with such fiendish accuracy I imagine we would consent to wear anything in reason. Indeed, leaving the drive out of the question, the holing of that 6ft. putt alone would be worth it. When one looks at these photographs one has an odd feeling of being thrust back into the back ages and studying John Leech's delightful pictures of "bloomerism." It is painfully easy to be sniggling and flippant, but, in fact, some of the ladies look very charming, and I trust they may do many more twos at holes where a beskirted lady Bogey would unquestionably take four.

### MR. HOLDERNESS'S VICTORY AT RYE.

Mr. Holderness's win—for the second year in succession—in the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society's Tournament at Rye, was a fine and convincing one, and strengthened the opinion, very generally held by good judges, that he is, at the moment, the best amateur golfer in this country. He strikes me as having developed more power of lasting, and I only hope he may do so still further before he meets some American invader at Hoylake. He hits the ball a very long way with very little effort. His swing is more upright than that of most amateurs and seems to have all the unnecessary kinks and twists, that so many of us suffer from, cut clean out of it. It is a very professional style, and he plays the game, in another respect, "professionally," in that he uses the air as much as he can, where we know, on Taylor's authority, that there are no bunkers, and trusts to the ground as little as possible. I have sometimes seen Mr. Holderness putt comparatively ill, but this time he was as steady and sound as could be on the green. Other people's putting "tips" are always interesting, and so I may add that Mr. Holderness thinks he has got a good one. Having once soled his club behind the ball he does not look up for that one final glance at the hole, but putts straight away. It is a difficult thing to do, but it is nearly always the mark of a good putter—one who strikes the ball freely and does not get petrified and rigid.

## MR. TOLLEY'S RETURN TO FORM.

Mr. Tolley, who lost in the final to Mr. Holderness at the seventeenth hole, played very well, and it was delightful to see him coming back to his last year's form after a long lean time. He snatched a most gallant victory out of the fire against Mr. Wethered after being three down with five to go, and had another good win over Major Gordon Barry, who was playing very well and was one of the very few players who really seemed to enjoy a hurricane blowing from the left. In the final Mr. Tolley had one great chance. On the fourteenth green he had to get down in two putts to make himself one up with four to go. He failed to do it, and Mr. Holderness very ungratefully did the next three holes in 3, 4, 3—a score good enough to play the best ball of the

triumvirate with Duncan and Mitchell thrown in. Of course, it is futile to argue on "ifs and ans"; but things might have been very different if Mr. Tolley had just got his nose in front at that crucial moment. It is rather interesting to observe that he had taken a lighter ball at that fourteenth hole, because with a strong wind behind it is terribly difficult to stop on the green. He succeeded in stopping there but, forgetting that he had an unfamiliar ball to putt with, ran his putt out of holing. It was a mistake, but one in the right direction, and the part of Mr. Tolley's game which most impressed me was his consistent boldness on the green. When he has a short putt to hole he gives the ball a "good hard knock," and it rattles against the back of the tin. This is a gift that will win him many matches. It sounds very simple, but very, very few people can do it.

## THE ART OF GUN ENGRAVING. MINIATURES ON STEEL

By MAX BAKER.



THE LOCK PLATES AND DESIGN FOR THE MONOGRAM PLATE.

THE tendency is, rather to take for granted things which are not specially brought under notice. Gun engraving suffers not only from its natural inconspicuousness, but, perhaps, even more from the fact that it is seldom mentioned without casting a slur, the favourite argument being that the money lavished on engraving would be better saved; that is, supposing the interior mechanism to be already as perfect as workmanship can make it. So people talk, but the art of gun engraving fortunately remains. One may be permitted to regret that picture effects are somewhat out of fashion. Each maker adopts a more or less conventional design, some favouring soft yet intricate effects, others a coarser (perhaps I should say bolder) style of treatment. Most pleasing from the artistic standpoint are the old-fashioned sporting scenes, such as are still favoured on the Continent and at times produced over here—usually in response to a customer's desire. Blinks, the animal artist, was such a customer, for when he was ordering a pair of Boss guns he went to the trouble to design a set of plaques for reproduction on the lock plates and other parts of the guns which were to be his.

Tommy Blinks, as he was called by his friends, was a great sportsman; perhaps at his best when riding to hounds. Nobody could depart further than he from the accepted appearance of an artist. Bluff and lusty, his type was essentially that of John Bull; he, in fact, favoured the top hat of the pictures. Yet his record of, I think, twenty-six years of continuous exhibits at the

Royal Academy proves his success at serious work. He was a great believer in getting the right atmosphere. Ardent pursuit of an ideal essential to his art thus shaped his personality. His original sketches remain a treasured possession of the firm of Boss, who have kindly lent them for reproduction in these columns. They tell their story so effectively that no words of mine are needed for its adornment.

Once I remember talking to Mr. Tom Webley in Birmingham, who told me he had just discovered in his factory a gun engraver, an enthusiast in the art, whose notebook contained a lifetime's accumulation of bird and other studies. No doubt this artist had graduated in the Scott section of the business. But, apart from details, which unfortunately I have forgotten, the hour I spent studying his sketches and finished work was full of interest. He, of course, could not show me the actual engravings, but as he had taken careful "rub-bings" of most of his finer productions, his album disclosed the produce of a remarkable career devoted to the cause of art. In person he was one of the nicest old gentlemen I have ever met. His clean white apron and the studio where he worked were appropriate to his humble sphere, his artistic perception knew no barriers.

One may add that though the engraving of picture subjects on guns has virtually ceased in this country, the more fanciful notions of Continental sportsmen keep it alive in the Belgian centre of production. Many guns forwarded from thence to the American market are richly adorned in this way, the firm of Francotte being, perhaps, the leading exponents.



THE UNDERNEATH VIEW.